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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Voyage round the World; comprehending an Account of the Wreck of the Ship "Governor Ready," in Torres Straits; a Description of the British Settlements on the Coasts of New Holland, more particularly Raffles Bay, Melville Island, Swan River, and King George's Sound; also, the Manners and Customs of the Aboriginal Tribes: with an Appendix, containing Remarks on Transportation, the Treatment of Convicts during the Voyage, and Advice to Persons intending to Emigrate to the Australian Colonies. By T. B. Wilson, M.D., Surgeon R.N., Member of the Royal Geographical Society. 8vo. pp. 349. London, 1835. Sherwood and Co.

THOUGH we have had many more recent accounts from the Australian settlements, respecting which Dr. Wilson treats, and some of them have since been abandoned, yet his notices of them and of the natives supply many interesting particulars; and his volume is altogether one of pleasant travel and adventure. Like most publications relative either to colonies in New Holland or elsewhere, it discusses the conflicting merits of various places, and, seemingly, in an impartial manner; albeit, we confess that we read all such statements with the fear of companies, projections, projectors, speculators, &c. &c., desirous of promoting their own benefit, before our eyes. We will not take upon ourselves to determine whether Botany Bay, or Van Diemen's Land, or Swan River, or King George's Sound, or Melville or Oyster Island, or Raffles Bay, ought to have the preference; suffice it for our literary review to give a few extracts from Dr. Wilson's "Narrative."

The wreck of the "Governor Ready," and the subsequent proceedings of her crew in three boats, is a tale of naval interest; but we only refer to it, and pass to the author's remarks on the natives (in several parts) and the conduct of their visitors towards them.

"From all the accounts I could collect (he says), and I had them from various and authentic sources, I have no hesitation in stating, that the civilised party was far from being blameless. It is well known to every person who has had the slightest intercourse with savages, that they are invariably addicted to thieving. It is, therefore, not to be denied, that the natives committed many petty thefts; but the policy of being unnecessarily annoyed thereto, and the humanity of putting them to death for such offences, may be safely called in question. If I am rightly informed by those who were actors in the business, many of the natives were put to death in a very unwarrantable manner; and I think I may assert that, had mild and conciliatory conduct been adopted, and uniformly continued towards these ignorant creatures while their depredations were unattended with violence, several valuable lives might have been saved, and many inconveniences and privations prevented. Latterly, it was unsafe to venture out of the camp un-

armed;—a melancholy instance of this insecurity occurred in the massacre of the surgeon and the commissariat-officer, who, while taking a walk a few yards from the settlement, fell victims to the vengeance of these irritated and undisciplined savages."

Again:—

"By the preceding accounts, it appears that hostilities soon commenced. There can be no doubt that the natives, by exercising their pilfering habits, were the aggressors. The whale-boat was stolen and broken in pieces for the sake of the iron; and, whenever the aborigines appeared afterwards, the sentries fired at them without ceremony. This was not the best way to gain their confidence, or to teach them better manners; and that they were capable of being taught, was very evident from the conduct of Wellington in the affair of the lieutenant's handkerchief. It appears, also, that they soon became on intimate terms with the sailors,—assisting them in their various occupations,—until, unfortunately, 'after having seen and tried its use,' one of the natives ran away with an axe. Who, knowing their habits, could be surprised at such an action? A few days afterwards, Wellington came to the camp, when he was given to understand that the stolen axe must be returned, which was, undoubtedly, very proper; but, *est modus in rebus*, there might have been a milder and more persuasive method of communicating the demand than by holding an axe in one hand and catching the chief by the back of the neck with the other. It is not to be wondered at that Wellington, being thus treated, should have expressed his indignation rather indecorously. After these occurrences, it is somewhat astonishing that the seaman missed the same evening from H.M.S. Success was not massacred by the natives, in revenge for the insult offered to their chief, instead of being accompanied by them in safety to the camp. * * *

"It is difficult to say whether they are accompanied in their excursions by their women, but it is probable that they are not. As far as we could learn, the natives never penetrate far into the interior, generally keeping along the shore, and occasionally cutting across any projecting point of land. Their food chiefly consists of fish, which they spear very dexterously. Catching turtle seems to be a favourite occupation with them, and they appear quite adepts in that useful art. It is to point the spears, used for that purpose, that they estimate and covet iron so much. They also make use of shell-fish, which it is, probably, the business of the women to collect. They do not eat the trepang (so desired by Chinese epicures), which is in great abundance all along the coast; but the various native esculent roots and fruits, together with cabbage-palms, afford an agreeable addition to their usual fare. They are very fond of honey, which appears to be in abundance, as they were seldom seen in the settlement without a supply of that article; and when they went into the woods on purpose to procure it, they soon returned successful.

Their mode of proceeding was to watch the movements of the bees (which requires a keen eye and long practice), and as soon as they saw them settle on a tree, they proceeded to cut it down, which they effected with their stone hatchets much quicker than could be imagined. It was for this purpose that Waterloo ran away with the axe, 'after having seen and tried its use,' judging, rightly, that it was preferable to his own *key-book* (i. e. hatchet). * * *

"On Tuesday, while we were preparing for our excursion, I was advised, by the master of the Admiral Gifford, not to trust the blacks, who were (he said) a set of treacherous villains; as, not long ago, they had pointed their spears at him and his boat's crew, while peaceably proceeding up King's River. But such expeditions being generally for the purpose of surprising and carrying off the native women, it cannot at all be wondered at, that the native men should endeavour to prevent the outrage. Indeed, it is quite notorious on many parts of the coast, that, if a small vessel makes her appearance, the natives get out of the way as fast as possible; while, if the ship be large, they come down to the beach, without mistrust or fear."

By way of variety, we shall now, also, extract a few characteristic passages which speak of the colonists. At Perth, the capital of Western Australia, Dr. W. says:—

"At daylight, I arose and took a walk through the town; the intended principal street of which, named St. George's Terrace,—where the future beaux and belles of Western Australia may, in after times, shew off their reciprocal attractive charms—was, at present, only adorned with lofty trees, and a variety of lovely flowers. In my perambulations, I fell in with the *written* newspaper of the place, appended to a stately eucalyptus tree, where, among other public notices, I observed the governor's permission for one individual to practise as a notary, another as a surgeon, and a third as an auctioneer. There did not appear to be an opposition tree, and so much the better; as, although a free press may do good to a community arrived at a certain state of perfection, yet I think it may be doubted how far it can be serviceable in an incipient colony, where private affairs are narrowly noticed and animadverted on; hence spring jealousies, ill feeling, and their numerous train of disagreeable attendants. I noticed another advertisement (not on the public tree), stating, that Mr. — would supply his friends with fresh beef at such a price (I think one shilling per pound). The word friends was scratched out, and the word public substituted,—by some person who, doubtless, thought thereby to check the free and easy manner of the proffered purveyor."

The governor, Stirling, playing at levee, is not amiss for a picture. He continues:—

"I sat down on the brow of Arthur's Head, and reperused the article in the *Quarterly Review*, and regretted that I could not agree with the account, that 'between the roadstead and the shore the communication is convenient,

and the access easy, as well by night as by day. While musing on the ways and means to get something to eat, I observed the governor coming along, at a brisk pace, with the intention of going over to Buache, or, as he has named it, Garden Island; of course he was wind-bound also. In a short time, the news having spread that the governor was in the camp, he was surrounded by many individuals; and, as I had never before seen a levee held in the open air, I took up a favourable position, in order to observe the ceremony. I thought I could discern, in the governor's countenance, some annoyance that he had been thus caught; but being so, he assumed an air of determination to be as civil and condescending as possible. Many passengers had arrived by the Atwick, who, it appeared, were now to be presented. The first was a gigantic, fierce-looking gentleman, dressed, I suppose, in the newest London fashion, who had been at some pains with his toilette; and it was very evident that he considered himself of no small importance. I thought at first, that he was ill adapted for the line of life into which he was about to enter; but, on further consideration, I concluded, that if he took as much pains to cultivate the land, as he appeared to have successfully bestowed on the culture of his whiskers, he might surpass those less careful in their attire; especially as his martial frown might tend to keep his servants in due obedience. Next came a pert-looking, smartly dressed gentleman, who seemed to plume himself on his white kid gloves, neatly tied cravat, well-polished boots, and scented white handkerchief. I thought he would have been more at home behind the counter of a fashionable London repository, distributing ribands and lace to the fair damsels, than wandering about the wilds of Australia, in fruitless search of land, abounding in ready-made houses, and growing corn. Next came a stout-looking personage, having all the appearance of a substantial English yeoman, whose jolly features, albeit a little shrunk from his sea fare, indicated a long acquaintance with beef and ale. He had not half told his story, when he was interrupted (contrary to all the rules of etiquette) by the dapper-looking gentleman, who, doubtless, thought his conversation more interesting and agreeable to his excellency; but he was, in turn, interrupted by the yeoman, who appeared determined to have his 'say' out. Then came a modest-looking young man, who presented two letters to his excellency, and looked round the surrounding throng, with an expression of face that seemed to say, 'My fortune is made.' He appeared confirmed in this opinion, by a few civil words from his excellency, who put the letters in his pocket, perhaps never to be opened; or, if so, not attended to; the common fate of letters of introduction. Many more had an interview; the greater part of whom did not at all appear adapted to undergo the privations and fatigues necessarily attendant on settling in a new country, even under the most favourable circumstances. His excellency was evidently tired long before the conclusion of the levee; but, as he could not bow his clients out of the drawing-room, he was obliged to back astern, which he did, with much dexterity, until he came to a spot of swampy ground, where he could not be surrounded, which he jumped over, bowed courteously to the assembled throng, and walked away, as fast as decorum would permit, fearful that he might be overtaken before he reached the boat; which, as soon as he entered, was pulled with all speed towards Perth. The governor's situation was certainly not much to be envied. All the land

on the banks of the Swan, of which these emigrants had heard such flattering accounts, and of which they naturally expected to obtain a slice, after having come so far for that purpose, was already, and, perhaps, improvidently given away. There is no doubt, therefore, that, although their own foolishly sanguine expectations might have contributed to blind them, yet there existed some legitimate cause for grumbling, which, it is well known, John Bull has a wonderful propensity to indulge in, frequently *ex causis non æquis*. It may not, therefore, be wondered at, if it were rather unrestrainedly indulged in, as I have every reason to believe it was, on the present occasion. * * * I ventured to deprecate the idea of giving such large grants, but was cut short by one of Colonel Latour's agents, who clearly proved that it was exceedingly advantageous. I then hinted, that I thought the colony could not get on well without the aid of convict labour; but here I met with still greater opposition, as it was universally allowed, that if the soil were to be polluted with those sort of people, no gentleman of respectability would have any thing to do with it. This was, of course, an argument not to be controverted; so I thought it more prudent to be a listener for the remainder of the evening. At length, I retired, leaving a portion of the company busily engaged in endeavouring to overreach each other in petty barter."

At Freemantle we are told:—
"Freemantle, the seaport town, is situated on a low sandy point, at the mouth, and on the left side, of the river. At present, the inhabitants live in tents: there are, however, a few wooden houses, which have been brought from England. The greater part of the settlers yet remain here, not one having gone to his farm. It is a very bad place, owing to the idleness, roguery, and thieving of those people brought out as servants, and also of some others of a higher denomination. It is so bad that the governor designated it a 'sink of iniquity,' and stated that he took no measures to make it better, on purpose to force people to go to their farms. The servants are, for the most part, hulking, lazy fellows, and exceedingly insolent; but what else could be expected from their previous character, having been, I believe, mostly taken from the workhouse. Mr. Talbot, who, like his neighbours, had had some trouble with his servants, informed me that those who had the best character from the overseers, turned out to be the worst. 'It is true,' said he, 'an action may be brought against an overseer, for having given a false character; but, then, who would go home with all the necessary witnesses to England, to prove the fact?' He further good-humouredly observed, that 'nothing else could be expected, than that overseers should endeavour to get their parishes cleared from such trash and scum.' It is a very injudicious plan to send people, accustomed to eat the bread of idleness to an infant colony, unless it is understood, that coercive measures may be used to enforce a fair day's work, if the laziness of the individual required such stimulus."

The author reprobates the hypocrisy often induced by, and the result of, the system of convict banishment, and gives a striking example of it in a man who, in "a letter to the Rev. Mr. Price, thanking him 'for having rescued him (the said hypocrite) from the paths of infamy, and hoping that his brother, who first taught him to swerve from the paths of virtue, might, ere this, have paid his justly forfeited life to the offended laws of his country.' From the said brother, whom (strange enough) I car-

ried out some years afterwards, as a prisoner in the ship Governor Ready, I learned that this exemplary youth had made his escape from the colony in a brig; and, after various adventures, had arrived at Philadelphia, where he was now a respectable bookseller."

The doctor took some excursions into the interior, of which his details are amusing, but we have only room for a slight trait:—

"During the night the bell bird supplied to us the place of the wakeful nightingale; and at daybreak we were awakened by the tuneful voices of several singing birds. This was a pleasing surprise, as we had hitherto supposed that the birds in New Holland were not famed for song."

The specimens of the language of several tribes prove that they are entirely different; and in one case we are told "the inhabitants of Murray's Island are totally distinct from any of the Aborigines of New Holland, to whom, in every respect, they are far superior; but they have the character of being very treacherous, daring, and deceitful."

We must now conclude, which we shall do, with a sample of the author's opinions and practice in carrying out transports:—

"There is (he tells) a class of prisoners, that, unless narrowly looked after, frequently occasion a great deal of disturbance. I allude to attorneys' clerks, of which class of the community I have, in all my voyages, had a considerable number. The few instances in which I have been compelled to inflict corporal punishment have been on these gentry, to whom I shew no mercy, if detected in fomenting disturbances; and I have invariably found, that flogging a lawyer has a wonderful effect in preserving order among the other prisoners."

Flowers of Loveliness; Twelve Groups of Female Figures, emblematic of Flowers. Designed by E. T. Parris, Esq.; with Poetical Illustrations, by the Countess of Blessington. London, 1836. Ackermann and Co.

THIS is truly and singularly a Book of Beauty of very original design; and, both in pictorial and poetical point of view, delightfully executed. What was to be expected? The pictures are by Parris, the literary accompaniments by Lady Blessington.

Twelve of our most common, but most beautiful flowers, are selected for the exercise of the artist's pencil, and he has been called upon to produce a corresponding or similar sentiment with that associated with them, in the form of lovely female countenances. Thus, the portraits connected with the Rose are rich and riant; those with the Violet downcast and tender. Mr. Parris has lavished much natural sweetness on his human flowers, and has succeeded wonderfully in imparting that variety of expression which his task required. His Honey-suckle is a floral pun—the baby near its mother's bosom. The Forget-me-not is an exquisite group, and the waving of the scarf and the flowing sail admirably composed.

But, where each engraving would furnish a theme for praise, it is unnecessary to dwell on them separately. We shall only add two of Lady Blessington's illustrations, to shew how finely she has entered into the spirit of the work.

"Lilies of the Valley.

'Tis said, the rose, of all the flowers
That bloom within our garden bowers,
Is chosen queen;
But more I love the lily pale,
That lingers in my native vale,
Fair and unseen—

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Save by us, simple village maids,
Who seek it in the greenwood shades,
At early morn.
When we could think our hearts had wings
Light as the bird's, who gaily sings
From the old thorn.

I found the flower in a green nook,
Where crept a clear and laughing brook
The young boughs through;
And king-cups spangled all the ground,
And the pale wind-flower there was found,
And hare-bells blue.
I lov'd it, for its pearly bell,
And for its scent, that sweetly fell
On the still air:
Oh! more than garden blossoms nursed,
I lov'd it—for my hand was first
To find it there!"

"Snow-Drop.

You have told me, sister dear,
I should see our mother's bed;
But I see no pillow here:
Where, then, does she rest her head?
Tell me, sister—ah! you weep,
Looking on that cold, cold stone!
Does our darling mother sleep
In a place so sad and lone?
This is not like her sweet room,
With its fire, that glances so gay;
There was neither chill nor gloom,
But fond words and smiles all day.
Here's a flower—the first I found,
'Gainst she wakes—she loves it well.
Ah! how still is all around!
Will she waken?—Sister, tell.
Oft I see her when I sleep,
And her kiss feel on my brow;
But when morning comes, I weep,
Just as you do, sister, now.
Ah! you say to heaven she's gone.
Would that we were there to-day!
Everything's so grave and lone,
Since our mother went away!"

Others of her ladyship's productions are in dramatic form; but these will suffice to shew how fitly she has accomplished all that the art left to be done to render this what we have said—a "Book of Beauty."

Mahmoud. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1835. Churton.

It is curious to observe how one clever book serves as the purpose of a model. The present work is a cast taken from *Anastasius*; and, as in most casts, the likeness is coarse and commonplace. The history is that of an unscrupulous Greek; and some animated and characteristic Oriental scenes are introduced—but in the long run they are tiresome. There are too many paltry intrigues, too much fighting, and too many cruelties—a sameness pervades them all.* We give an amusing scene during the Ramadan. The hero, "drest in brief authority"—and authority in the East makes up in quality what it wants in quantity—is on the watch to see that the fast enjoined is rigidly observed. He stops at the shop of a Greek:

"In the shop-window were usually exhibited sundry delicacies, in the shape of spiced custards, fruit-tarts, and other kinds of confectionary, together with the more substantial kiebohs, the steam from which issued through the shop-door in fumes, sufficient to excite the appetite of the most rigid Moslem. The exposure of these several dainties was no doubt very perplexing to an empty stomach—to one doomed to fast from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; and it was, therefore, not to be wondered at, if there should be found delinquents who preferred the gratification of their carnal appetites to the salvation of their souls. Under this impression I entered Dimitracki's shop. The old Turk, however, was not to be

seen: I was not surprised at this. Dimitracki had just come from the back part of the house as I entered, and seated myself on a sofa. Though disguised, I thought the knave had a suspicion that I was not what I represented myself to be—for I told him I had travelled far, and was faint and weary. I, therefore, begged of him to let me have some refreshment to recruit my exhausted strength. He shrugged his shoulders, saying he should lay himself open to a very heavy penalty if he violated the law. He did not know whom to trust, there were so many spies about. There was one man, in particular—neither stone-walls, nor bolts, nor bars, were proof against his searching eye. The Virgin knew he would not do such a thing for all the wealth in Egypt. 'Come, come,' I said, 'you have nothing to fear from me: supply my wants, and you shall be liberally rewarded.' Dimitracki again shrugged his shoulders, and gave a solemn shake of the head. 'Such things are frequently done,' I continued; 'why should you be less obliging than others?' 'Because I respect the laws, noble sir. Ah, if every one kept himself out of hot water like myself, there would be fewer sore feet and more full purses.' 'Well, I must own that you are a pattern of inflexible severity: I admire your firmness, but detest the system.' 'I act only in obedience to the commands of my superiors,' said the pious-looking rogue. 'Since I cannot obtain your consent, suppose you just go about your business for a short time—leave the shop—go anywhere, so you turn your back upon me, and I will take care to help myself.' 'For the love of Heaven, do not commit such a profane action!—consider my master; sooner would I break my head than break my fast.' 'You are a sad disciplinarian, friend Dimitracki,' I said, laughing; 'but it is very annoying to sit in full view of all those dainties, and be prohibited tasting them. It is like the joys of paradise opened to the view of the damned. I assure you, I feel the flesh beginning to rebel vehemently against the spirit—I cannot withstand the temptation much longer: you are very hardhearted, friend.' 'Ah, noble sir, it is not my wish to be so harsh. You know that you have the power to consume whatever you please; but what if the mohtesib* were to come by at the time! would he not swear, though your noble self should contradict him, that I had supplied you? I tremble at the bare idea.'

'Be it even as you think best:—but, ha! how exhilarating, how refreshing is the smell of that tobacco!' I exclaimed, snuffing up the fumes which came from a room somewhere at the further end of the shop. 'Tobacco!' repeated Dimitracki, with seeming carelessness. 'Ay; is it not delicious? Oh,' I cried again, scenting the perfume, 'how I envy the possessor of that luxury!' 'I don't smell it, noble sir.' 'Not smell it, friend?—why there!' I said, giving another sniff, and pointing at a wreath of blue smoke which was slowly undulating towards the shop-door—'look! smell!—'tis enough to make one violate every law in the divine Koran. Oh, how delicious!' 'You mistake,' said Dimitracki, his countenance changing, and his manner becoming suspicious. '—'tis something burning.' 'Ay, tobacco,' I cried, interrupting him. 'Perhaps it is one of my fellows; I will rate the scoundrel for it sharply when you are gone,' he said, evidently wishing to get rid of me, but not daring to tell me so plainly. 'Give him the lash,' I cried; 'how dare the infidel smoke, when his betters are obliged to forego such indulgences? Bring

* Superintendent of markets, weights, &c.

him hither, and, by our holy prophet! I will teach him better manners.' Dimitracki became alarmed, and entreated me not to punish him this time—he would himself see it done effectually—he was a dog unworthy of my notice. 'Bring him here, bring him here,' I said, motioning Dimitracki away, with a look sufficiently expressive to ensure obedience. I knew the rascal lied all the time; I also knew, or rather suspected, that there were other persons in the house than ourselves and his servants. I was determined to be convinced before I quitted the place. In a few minutes Dimitracki returned, accompanied by the culprit, who was a short, thick-set, bandy-legged Greek, with a face as white as the flour he was in the habit of mixing. 'So,' I said, assuming a severe manner, 'you indulge in the luxury of smoking when even the children of Allah dare not gratify such a taste.' 'Yes, noble sir, he has confessed it,' said Dimitracki, eagerly. 'Let him speak for himself. Now, dog! tell me, and speak truth,—have you been smoking?' 'Yes, noble sir, I have,' the fellow replied, in a beseeching tone of voice. 'Ay, I caught him in the fact,' again interrupted his master—he deserves severe punishment. Allow me to administer it—I will not spare him.' 'See that it is done,' I said; 'take him away, and I will await your return.' 'Come,' cried Dimitracki; 'come, you scoundrel! By the holy Virgin! I will tear the flesh from your bones for this insolence.' The culprit was led into the court-yard at the back of the house, and I heard his master bid him prepare for the lash. I stepped to the shop-door, beckoned to my men, who were standing a little way down the street, and, giving them orders not to let any one quit the place, went down the passage leading to the court-yard. The smell of tobacco became quite strong, and my suspicions were strengthened. There were a few cracks in the panels of the wall: I applied my eye to one of them, through which I not only had a view of a small room, but likewise perceived half-a-dozen Turks seated on the floor, smoking their tobacco-pipes, and sipping the forbidden beverage, with looks of the utmost complacency. The remains of a feast were lying before them on several little trays. I had seen sufficient. Meanwhile, Dimitracki was engaged applying the lash to his servant. The fellow roared like a bull, and I proceeded into the court to stay his punishment, as my wrath was now directed against his master. Judge of my astonishment, though I could scarcely refrain from laughter, when I saw Dimitracki belabouring one of his own sacks of flour—his servant standing by, screaming most lustily, and capering about as if he were suffering all the horrors of the infliction. The fellow acted his part to the life,—begged and prayed for mercy, promising to behave better for the future, with all the apparent sincerity of real torture. At the bottom of the court stood a couple of his companions, grinning from ear to ear, enjoying the scene with the liveliest feelings of satisfaction. 'Mashallah! bravo! well done, Dimitracki!' I exclaimed, shewing myself.—'Mashallah! it is well done.'

I then turned to my men, and, having closed all the doors, ordered them to force a passage into the room where my victims were seated. This was soon done,—the slight panels readily gave way, disclosing to our view six Turks, who, notwithstanding the uproar we had occasioned, sat quietly smoking their pipes, and did not even offer to rise when we came in upon them. 'Gentlemen,' I said, on entering, 'I am sorry to disturb your amusement; but you

* By the by, the opening sentence is either a bull, or this is the first instance of posthumous autobiography.—a memoir of oneself written after death and burial:—
"Samboul gave me birth: Stamati Morazi, a Greek merchant was my sire, and Constantine the name by which I was known in early life—my apostasy gave me the title which I carried to my grave."

are aware there is a heavy penalty imposed upon those who break the law during the month of our holy and blessed Rhamadan. I am appointed by the Scheick-el-belled (may his house prosper!) to correct those abuses. Behold the signet of Mohammed; let no one breathe a word of defiance—I have said, 'Bismillah! In the name of God—so be it,'—they one and all exclaimed, and then recommenced smoking. 'My duty is very simple,' I went on to say, after a pause. 'If you question my authority, we will go before his highness the Bey. The fine is two hundred sequins for each—'tis a mere trifle to such men as you. Provided you are not in a condition to pay, an order on your harems will be sufficient; are you satisfied?' 'Allah keorem! God is merciful. Allah akbar! God is great,' they exclaimed; 'let it be even so.' All of them immediately wrote an order for the required sum, and took their departure. I then summoned Dimitracki and his servant before me; they came, pale and trembling. 'Well, knaves,—are you disposed to pay the penalty of one hundred sequins?' 'Ah! noble sir, I have not twenty sequins in the whole world; let me entreat you—' 'I shall make short work of it,' I said, interrupting him; 'Cazem, take them before the Bey, and await my coming.' 'For the love of Heaven!' Dimitracki cried, frightened out of his wits, 'forgive me: will fifty sequins do?' 'I would not bate a para to save thy worthless life.' 'Holy Mother! what shall I do?' he exclaimed, in a voice which would have pierced any but a heart of stone, wringing his hands in an agony of despair, and throwing himself at my feet—'I shall be ruined. Oh! master, forgive—forgive me!' I made a sign to my men to advance. One of them produced a bowstring, which had the desired effect. Dimitracki stopped his howling, jumped up in a twinkling, went away with wonderful alacrity, and returned in a short time with the amount. 'Now,' I said, when this was settled,—'now, Cazem, as a slight remuneration for the trick which he played me just now, up with the rascal's heels, and let us see whether there will be more feeling in him than in a sack of flour.' Dimitracki fell on his knees, essaying every means of entreaty. I was obdurate. Hunger certainly blunts the finer feelings; it always made me remorseless during the Rhamadan. Dimitracki received the infliction with horrible yells; nor would I suffer my men to leave off till the blood began to flow pretty copiously. His servant had the same allowance. The rogue roared like a lion, and, if possible, enacted the scene with far greater vigour than he did over the sack of flour. Not yet satisfied with the punishment which I had inflicted, I nailed both of them by the ears to the posts of the shop-door, there to remain till the setting sun, a mark of my arbitrary power and vengeance."

There are too many Greek words introduced, and introduced where English would have served just as well. Still, as the above scene can witness, there are capital bits.

The Battle of the "Annuals." A Fragment. 18mo. pp. 30. London. Baily and Co.

A NAMELESS *jeu d'esprit*, but such as we fancy only one person living could write; for it is genuine Tom Hood all over. The cover represents two Jackasses kicking each other so viciously as to induce the belief they never could be *healed*. On the other side a bear is prancing about with an undertaker in his arms and the motto "Bear about the mockery of

Woe," is all the otherwise *mute* explanation. An amusing preface introduces the poem by telling us what other prefatory writers would have done, till

"Having exhausted the ancients (and their readers' patience), they would then pounce upon the moderns; and, anatomising their subject like a surgeon, give the etymological and historical origin of *blows*, from and before the days of *Knor*!—and, touching by the way upon our wars in the East, with their usual antiquarian *acumen*, distinctly prove, 'that the first *punch* came from the East Indies.'"

The battle-song itself thus characteristically commences:—

"Oh, Mars! thou God of Battles fierce!

Oh, pugilistic Cribb!

Oh, guide my fist in this romance,

And teach it how to—*fib*.

'Come, gentle Spring!'—pride of the Ring,

That oft a nose hast broke,

Instruct my muse to make a 'hit,'

Eke with a playful 'stroke.'

And of thy spirit, in my mind

Infuse a little drop.

And, lest my wit should run too fast,

Oh! teach me where to 'stop.'

And ye, Oh, small-beer Critics! stay

Your pens while I recite;

For I, too, wield a lusty pen,

That all my wrongs can—write!"

Not having the fear of this before our eyes, nor, indeed, acknowledging the epithet of "Small-beer," even were it exalted into "Porter's-work critics," we shall detach such portions of the *Battle of the "Annuals"* from the general *melé* as best suits our will and pleasure.

"'Tis strange, but true, and right well known,

They all are bitter foes,—

No wonder yearly blossoms should

From blossoms come to blows.

The lordly 'Keepsake' lands himself,

And is 'all vain enough';

But 'neath his silken robe there peeps

A garb of—common stuff!

In vain it boasts its gaudy hues,

By men of rank drawn out;—

That all his contributions are

Rank nonsense, none can doubt.

But lo! he marches to the ground,

Prepared for the assault;

Goosequills are bristling in the air,

The lines, as usual—*halt*!

And lo! the brave 'Forget-Me-Not'

Comes boldly in the van:

Arm'd at all points, the skilful Muse

Bids fair to *hack her man*!

The 'Oriental' surely doth

On 'elephant' appear;

But in the rear it takes its 'post,'

And 'foolscap's' doom'd to wear.

The noble 'Keepsake,' with a bow,

Steps forth, all clad in red,

And cries (with fingers in his curls)—

'I've something in my head!

'Oh, yes! ye lords and ladies bright,

Whom none in prose can match,

Or sonnetteering—come with me,

I'll lead you to the scratch.

'I'll put my best leg foremost, and

I'll nothing do by halves;

If calves they call ye—I will hide

'In crimson boots my calves'!

The 'Landscape' cries, 'Stand firm, my friends;

Who can their side refuse?

For we must win—I'm proud to say,

The world approves our 'views.'

'In war we are no novices,

To us 'tis only sport;

Cities we've ta'en with ease, and oft

A battlemented fort;

'An 'Artist' is our Treasurer—

Whom we both praise and thank;

For funds we ne'er shall want, for he

Can draw on any bank!"

The 'Book of Beauty,' smiling sweet,

Just like a rose arose;

'Oh, lovely Amazons!' she cried,

'We all can bend our—*bows*!'

'Then nothing fear, I'll lead ye on,
Like Dian in the hunt;
Our foes shall quickly find we wear
No—'artificial front.'

'Yes, they shall fall, like autumn leaves,
And—adding while she laugh'd—
'An arrow 'scape'twill be to those
Who shall avoid my shaft!

'And should they rudely break our squares,
And make us yield our ground;
We'll 'compass them, and quickly prove
That we can fight—around!

'Both right and left we'll pour our darts,
Their terror to increase;
We'll harass them;—we'll take their guns,
And leave the foe—no piece!

'But should they, heartless, still refuse
To yield to Beauty's arms,
Like witches we must have recourse
To our unfailing charms!"

Upon a huge white elephant
The 'Oriental' came;
His look was wild, and all confess'd
They never found him—*tame*!
'Gems of the world!' he blandly cried,
'Stand firm, whate'er betide;
They'll never beat us in the field,
We are too big—to hide!"

Going into generals, there is an admonition of worth in the two following stanzas:—

"Ye prozing gentlemen, who've hacks,
Round to their tails, pray, turn;
Then (though there's none of you are *acrit*)
At least you'll look a—*stern*!"

Ye sentimental sonnetteers,
Whom all the ladies prize,
In *fustian* dress'd, look big, and win
The damsels by your—*size*!"

And then there is a contemptuous threatening:—

"The sun of favour smiled on us,
And lo! these shadows came,
As diff'rent from the substance as
Vile maggots are to game!

They talk of striking!—save the mark!
I heed not what they say;
For, if they strike, like many more,
'Twill be—for lack of pay.

They strike! yes, *downwards* they will strike,
Like roots in garden lands;
Or, like an eight-day clock, they'll strike,
That is—not with their hands!"

Then on, my comrades, bold and free,
'Gainst them we'll stand alone;
Their trumpeters will surely be—
Just like their trumpets—*blown*!"

'We're *Englismen*! all thorough-bred,
(Where will they find the like?)
Then fear no blows, for if they hit,
They'll at 'right angles' strike.

Our cause is just, then let us treat
The jeering foe with scorn;
They boast of their *uprightness*, but
All on 'one side' they're drawn."

The last is a horrible Cockney rhyme; but to counterbalance it we quote, wherewithal to conclude, the best morsel of wit in the poem.

"They seek for fame, but History
Will blink them, by the mass!
Four words will suffice for the host:
Just these: 'It came—to pass'!"

With this we bid Mr. Hood good bye, and congratulate him on an *avant-courier* which gives so fair and playful a promise of his ensuing annual volume.

A Voyage round the World, including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australasia, America, &c. &c. From 1827 to 1832. By James Holman, R.N. F.R.S. &c. &c. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 519. London, 1835. Smith and Co.

WE have spoken of the preceding volumes so much in detail that ought further must be repetition. We shall, therefore, only remark on the integrity and punctuality with which Mr. Holman has fulfilled his pledges to the public in regard to this work. Wonderful as it is—the performance of an individual deprived of the blessing of sight—it is almost an equal pleasure to us to call attention to the circumstance of its having been completed (by this

volume) so honourably to the author. Of Mr. Holman himself, we cannot speak so warmly as our feelings dictate—for no one can know him without experiencing a regard for him which might appear exaggerated, if truly expressed, to those who were unable to judge from personal intercourse; but of his travels we can unhesitatingly say, that, so long as literature exists, they must be the object of great curiosity and admiration.

The beginning of this volume is beautiful and touching.

"I approach (says the author) the close of my labours with the feelings of a traveller who, after a long absence, finds himself at last returning home. I reach the point of repose with pleasure, not unmingled with regret, and hear gathering round me familiar voices burdened with words of welcome and congratulations."

* * * In this volume I conclude a voyage of circumnavigation. It would be an affectation I trust inconsistent with my nature, were I not to acknowledge that the favour with which my undertaking has been received diminishes much of my consciousness of its unworthiness. The peculiar circumstances in which I was placed, the novelty and hazards of my situation, and the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties such as, I believe, were never experienced by any previous traveller, have helped to propitiate the criticisms of the public, and to acquire for me, in the first instance, that kindness of construction which, I am aware, was essential to the right understanding of my labours. Had I been tried by the ordinary canons my book would probably have been set aside. It is because the important inlet upon which my predecessors have chiefly relied in the formation of their opinions is closed upon me that I derive any especial claim upon the indulgence of my readers. Could I have seen where I have only felt—could I have witnessed what I have only heard—could I have watched the features, and the actions, and the trifling details that make up the sum of character, and through which human motives are as visible as if they were revealed in words, instead of being obliged to trust to oral acquisition, to the sound of the voice, and the subtle transitions of its varying tones, my work would have been of a very different kind. But I have been obliged to condense and refine my speculations—to judge by inference and comparison—to extract, by a tedious and severe process, the essence of watchful observation—and to rely upon accumulated testimonies for that information which others obtain at a single glance. But, perhaps, what I have lost in vividness I may have atoned for in accuracy. I believe that the very necessity of thinking seriously and adopting facts with caution, may not have been unproductive of benefits of another kind. If I cannot make panoramas to amuse and gratify, I hope I have been enabled to gather some solid statements that are not destitute of instruction. This is all I could have aimed at—and, if I have failed, the fault is not in the want of an abiding zeal and the love of truth."

The volume treats first of the Eastern islands in connexion with China; and, perhaps, it will be curious to shew that the desire of change and reform is not confined to Europe.

"The following extract from the letter of a Chinese emigrant in the Straits of Malacca, will serve to throw some light upon the Chinese emigrants in these straits, and the Eastern Archipelago:—Secret societies have risen up in all the settlements. They are all emanations of the Triad Society. They have secret signs and dark phrases—a circumstance that identi-

fies them with all that odious fraternity. Of late there has arisen a very large stock of this society, consisting of a great many men, extremely powerful and violent. They have assumed the names of the *hae-shan-hwuy*, 'The sea and land society,' and the *e-hing-hwuy*, 'The righteous rising society.' These two associations are scattered over all the settlements; and they all obey the orders and restrictions of the heads of the respective societies, whom they call 'the great brother.' This stock is divided into four, eight, or twelve great stems, as the case may be, and from these stems there issue scores of branches. Every stem and every branch has its headman, who is designated senior brother. Emigrants from the hills of *Tang* (China) are called *Sin-kih* (new-comers). As soon as they arrive at any settlement, the brotherhood send persons to invite them to join the confederacy. If they decline they are forthwith persecuted. However, the two above named societies often wrangle, and if you belong to the one and not to the other you are equally persecuted."—*Chinese Repository*, Vol. II. p. 231. The Triad Society in China is so well known, that it will only be necessary for me to observe that their object is the overthrow of the present Tartar dynasty, but the time for its taking place remains in the greatest uncertainty, as they are waiting for some miraculous event to transpire; however, the fraternity are, in the mean time, expected to use every exertion in their power for increasing their numbers and hastening the eventful period."

The following is an entertaining personal anecdote, at Macao:—

"On landing (says Mr. H.) I went to a hotel, a short distance from the beach, where I was soon surrounded by a number of officious Chinese servants, some recommending their friends, and others offering themselves for hire: to get clear of them, I said that I wanted nothing but breakfast; upon which they enumerated a variety of things; amongst others, they asked if I would have some *lice*, and when I inquired what was meant by that revolting term, the man, with astonishment, exclaimed, 'What! you no like *lice*?' As I could not understand him, I ordered those things which accorded with my taste and knowledge, and made a hearty breakfast upon some good fresh fish, bread, butter, and tea; but, as the fellow still pressed me to take some of his favourite dish, I desired him to bring it, when I found that he meant rice, and I afterwards learned that the Chinese cannot pronounce the *r*, but, like some of our northern brethren, convert it into an *l*; for example, for *red*, they say *led*."

At Canton, our countryman ascertained every thing curious, and, *inter alia*, tells us:—

"The Chinese of rank or fortune consider it necessary to have a small-footed woman for their principal wife, from whom they at least wish to have a heir to their title and property. They have also one or more large-footed, or Tartar women, as their inclinations or means can afford, by whom they generally have a numerous progeny."

"Soy is made from the seeds (or beans) of the *Doñichos sooja*, and the process of preparing it is as follows:—The beans are first boiled soft, when nearly an equal quantity of wheat or barley flour is added. After this has gone through a regular process of fermentation, a quantity of salt is put in, sufficient to make a brine strong enough to float an egg, using three times as much water as the original quantity of beans. This compound is then left for two or three months, when it is pressed, and strained

for use. It improves by age, and is best preserved in earthen jars and bottles, well sealed. * * *

"Having lost some dollars from my portmanteau a few days since, my suspicions naturally fell on my Chinese servant, who was the only person that had access to my apartment. He endeavoured to father the theft upon the house-porter, and this morning was accordingly appointed for all the Chinese servants of the house, in which I resided, to undergo an ordeal that they expected would discover the guilty party. This was no other than taking an oath, dictated by their own superstitious notions of religion. The porter was the first to propose this method of proving his innocence; and the following is a translation of the oath which he pronounced on the occasion:—'This being the twenty-ninth day of the tenth moon of the tenth year of Taou-Kwang, and Mr. Holman, of the English nation, having lost, on the twenty-sixth instant, sixteen dollars, which it is said I, the coolie, stole. Since the affair cannot be otherwise cleared up, I, Paou Atae, in the presence of Heaven swear, before all the holy pooyas (gods), if I, Paou Atae, have stolen these sixteen dollars, may my wife, and children, and father, and mother, all die like this living cock. Witness this, ye azure Heavens! But if Atae has not stolen these sixteen dollars, may blessings descend upon my person, and my whole family enjoy tranquillity. I, Paou Atae, kneel, knock head, and present this oath.' Having uttered these words on his knees before a temporary altar (an old stool on which were placed two burning Joss candles), he rose, and seizing the cock, laid its neck on a piece of timber, and instantly decapitated it with a cook's chopper. This acquitted him completely in the eyes of the Chinese assembled, and my servant was invited to adopt the same ceremony. He refused, however, notwithstanding his repeated protestations of innocence, and was accordingly considered by all present as the thief; the affair and the guilty servant were then dismissed together."

In departing from Canton, Mr. H. notices:—

"Lascars are all more or less superstitious: the first thing they deem necessary on joining a ship is to make an offering of cocoa-nuts, the moment they put their foot on board; for, if they were not to perform this ceremony, they would imagine some misfortune would befall them, or at least that they would have a very unsuccessful voyage. Although (unlike English seamen) they have no objection to sail on a Friday, yet they think it quite necessary to their well-being that they should do so at a particular period of the moon's age. They are much alarmed at the appearance of meteors, ascribing to them the cause of awful and terrible disasters. One of the most common of their superstitions is to believe that his Satanic Majesty occasionally visits the ship. He is always described as a colossal figure, with fiery eyes, an enormous mouth, and claw-fingered. On these occasions they will not go below all night. A report is frequently spread that he is coming on deck, when they fly to the rigging for safety. A friend of mine had been annoyed by them several nights successively in the above manner, when he at last gave out that he had come to the resolution of rewarding the clever fellow who should first see the devil. One of the men soon reported that he had done so, describing him as usual. The captain, wishing to put a stop to the frequent annoyance these alarms created, ordered the man to be flogged for the great penetration he had displayed in the discovery; and the devil was so displeased with what the captain had done, that he speedily

disappeared, and he heard no more of his visits. The songs and long stories they repeat at night are of a most diversified nature. In the same watch may be heard a love-story, a hymn to Mohammed, an obscene ditty, and a rant in praise of some former ship or commander."

These incidental extracts must serve as specimens of Holman's observations on China and the Chinese, which principally occupy this volume, and form a very compendious present view and retrospective history. From Macao he went to Swan River, Van Diemen's Land, &c., of which, having occasion to treat elsewhere, we shall say nothing more on this other authority than that Mr. Holman fully confirms Dr. Wilson's accounts of the natives having been provoked and massacred most cruelly by their civilised invaders. All his details respecting these parts are replete with intelligence and judgment, and well deserve the perusal both of the reader for more amusing information and the reader for practical and active concern in the circumstances of the colonies. "*L'envoi*," with which Mr. H. concludes, we strongly recommend. It has the right tone of feeling and sound common-sense; and, if it were possible to entertain an unfavourable opinion of his labours, would reconcile us to pardon—but pardon is not needed. They are honourable to him, and possess every quality of intelligence to establish them in public estimation.

My Aunt Pontypool. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1835. Saunders and Oley.

THIS is one of those novels which we have read a thousand and one times: it is curious to observe how popular certain materials are. A perfect hero—a still more perfect heroine; a good deal of villany—a great deal of beauty; a will concealed, and discovered in the third volume; love, murder, and sudden death;—these, indeed, are the circulating medium: of these, "and such as these," *My Aunt Pontypool* is composed. The author, however, has some peculiarities of style: witness the following passages:

"Even when he had first come in, a small fine ray of love-coloured light had beamed forth from her beautiful eyes, and striking at once upon the cornea of his, had found its way through the aperture in the retina, lingered a moment to gain strength in the crystalline lens, and then passing along the optic nerve to the brain, had thence run thrilling from the one sensorium to the other. * * *

"Still between every bow re-elevating his person, till his back presented its usual concave, his stomach its accustomed convex. * * *

"Things which escape the mental eyes of the clever and the wise, though those things and their noses be as close together every day as the two grindstones of a mill, are often found out, discovered, analysed, synthesised, and made use of, by persons who have no wit, and very little opportunity. * * *

"Salts and magnesia, rhubarb, calomel, ginger, brandy and water, champagne, moderation in all things, virtue, castor oil, stoicism, and blue pill, have all been recommended by various philosophers, divines, and physicians, in order to produce in the human frame that passion or state of existence called happiness, to remove evil spirits and feelings of gloom, to gild the scene around us, and to light up the great kaleidoscope at the butt end of which we live." * * *

To these we must add what seems to be a very nice distinction:

"Though Lord Methwyn had a great many proprieties, he had but few principles."

We add one of the most striking scenes:

premising that the heroine is placed, as all heroines are, in the most unpleasant situation possible, left in a house near the scene of battle, and that battle Waterloo.

"In the mean time the battle did not seem to be proceeding with any great rapidity or vigour on either part; the roar of the cannon and the roll of musketry only took place occasionally; and Helen again approached the window in one of the intervals. All the troops which she had previously beheld had been habited in blue; but, oh! how her heart beat now, when, crowning the opposite slope, she saw several regiments in British uniform! The next moment, however, her attention was called to another spot, for a sharp galloping of horse was heard, and dashing into the courtyard came twelve or fourteen superior officers, headed by a strong, good-looking man, dressed as a French marshal, who instantly sprang to the ground, with several others, and entered the house. An instant after, steps were heard ascending the stairs; and while Helen's heart was beating every moment with fresh terror, the door of the room was thrown open by the gentleman she had seen alight. He made a sudden pause of surprise when he beheld her; but then recovering himself, he came forward, saying, 'Oh! you are the young English lady of whom le Capitaine Marc told me this morning; but, my dear young lady, you are in a terribly dangerous situation here. You had really better go to the rear.' While he thus spoke to her, however, Marshal Ney (for he it was) approached the window, to reconnoitre the position of the Prince of Orange, which reconnoissance had been in fact the object of his coming, and gazing forth with a telescope in his hand, he interrupted his speech to Helen more than once, giving orders to those who had followed him: 'Indeed you had better go to the rear,' he added, after a pause; 'do you know the way towards Frasné?' 'Not in the least, sir,' replied Helen, her heart sinking at the very idea of seeking her way through the French army at the beginning of a battle. 'Those Belgians must be driven out of the wood at the point of the bayonet,' said Ney, turning to one of his officers. 'Order the seventeenth to clear the Bois de Bossu; and then turning to Helen, he added, 'If you do not know the way, my poor young lady, perhaps you had better stay where you are, after all. The enemy seem to have few guns with them, and if you can barricade that door, and keep away from the window, you may be safe enough. When we have driven the English back upon Brussels, I will take care that you have the means of returning to your friends.' So saying, he turned and left her, followed by his staff, many of the young aids-de-camp looking as if they would have had no small pleasure in conducting the fair English girl to the rear, had not imperative duty called them on another path. When the marshal and his staff were gone, Helen lost no time in following the directions he had given; and, after locking and bolting the door, she drew, with the assistance of the maid, such articles of furniture across it as they could move; and it is wonderful how terror will supply temporary strength to accomplish things, which, at another moment, would seem impossible. When all was completed, and she had seen a barrier raised across the door which certainly would have been very difficult to force, Helen sat down, and listened to the progress of the fight, which was by this time assuming a more decided character. She remained, too, as Marshal Ney had told her, as far from the window as

possible, marking with an eager ear all the manifold sounds which told that the strife was no longer a mere skirmish, but a fierce and hard-contested battle. The roaring of the cannon on the French side was loud, and almost deafening, for a battery of field-pieces had been stationed on the slope close by the house; but still her ear, rendered more acute by fear, could distinguish the charging of the horse, as well as the roll of the musketry, and even the word of command and shout of encouragement. She thought, too, that she could hear sometimes the shrill cry of agony, but, perhaps, imagination aided there: and, in truth, it was a moment—as she sat there alone, unprotected, helpless, in the midst of contending armies, listening to the bloody strife—when imagination might call up a thousand painful images for the mind to dwell upon. Doubtless she did so furnish them to poor Helen Adair; and if she thought of her father, and of Charles Lacy, and pictured them mingled in the fearful fight around, or falling beneath the shot of the enemy, or dying slowly of their wounds upon the bloody field, it were not wonderful; nor if she wept, and wept most bitterly, would there be ought to surprise us."

My Aunt Pontypool is herself a good idea for a character—a person with the best heart and the worst head in the world. We cannot dismiss her without adding, that the puff-antidipatory in this instance must have (as with ourselves) a very injurious effect upon the publication, by exciting such exalted expectations as hardly any novel could realise, and certainly not *My Aunt Pontypool*.

The Juvenile Forget-me-Not: a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-Day Present. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London, 1836. Ackermann; Westley and Davis.

MRS. HALL possesses, in an eminent degree, the rare faculty of writing for and editing for the young with perfect propriety. Hers are not good intents marred by ill judgment, or defeated by erroneous execution and dubious admissions. Every thing is fitting to lead the tender mind to the sense of fine moral feeling, and the love of virtue. We cannot bestow higher praise than this upon a publication like that before us. It is a selection of much interest, and contributed to by several admired literary characters, whose essays in the juvenile way do equal credit to their heads and hearts. At the head of these stand Dr. Walsh, Miss London, Mary Howitt, C. Swain, Mrs. Hoffman, and others; but none shine more effectively than the Editress herself, from one of whose excellent stories we select the following as an example of the Annual. The scene is at Gravesend.

"'Being,' commenced my new friend, 'a desolate orphan (my name's Jerry Crow, at your ladyship's service); being, as I may say, a desolate orphan Crow—without a bit to put in mee mouth, picked up off the wreck of a herring-smack, me and a dog, this child's father had the luck of me, what many would call bad luck; but I had no parish, being, to the best of my memory, born with the herrings (in the boat, you know, mee lady). Well, 'twas all the same, for he brought me up at his knee, and, when I could turn mee tongue to the English, I called him Father! Well, lady dear, 'You understand, Jerry,' says he, 'I am not your father. I think, as far as I can answer for it, that my own childre, my own flesh and blood, will be brave, true, and honest; but though I may tache you a dale, Jerry, yet, young as you are, you may have larnt much bad, before you come under my taching; and I shouldn't like any

child that once called me father, not to have the three qualities that carry a man best through the world.' Ma'am dear, when he spoke that word, my whole heart came up into my mouth, and I thought I'd have choked; but when I could spake (we lived at Shoreham then) — as to the bravery, sir, says I, pitch me against the biggest boy in Shoreham, and I'll bate the life out of him, I will, at single-stick or a fair. 'Hush! hush!' says he, 'that's not the bravery I mean, though a man must have bravery enough even in that way to defend himself; but I mean the bravery that makes a man stick to the truth, and fear God, though it makes, maybe, against himself, to all appearance, at the time.' Well, I did not rightly understand what he meant; but I felt mighty lonely; every child in the place had a father or mother, or some one belonging to them, except me. My heart turned to this little chap, who was then a weeny thing that I had been taching to call me 'brother,' and now I had to settle to untache him; the kitten in the sun, the bird in the nest, the lamb upon the lea, had a mother—but I had none! and those I loved like my heart's blood, would not let me call them by the name I loved. I thought I should have died; I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep, I wished—it was very, very wicked—to be dead. My heart was splitting in two halves with the trouble, and, at last, hardly knowing what I meant, says I to the mather (what could I else call him but mather?) says I to the mather, sir, says I, if you please, says I, if I prove to you that I am brave, true, and honest in the way you wish; will you take to me then, and let me—let me call you father? 'God bless you, Jerry,' says he, 'to be sure I will, and proud I'd be of you too,' says he; 'but mind,' says he, 'it isn't pickin' up a fight, 'I'll make me think you brave; and as to the truth, indeed, I never found you out in a lie yet, which is a great deal to say, considerin' you're Irish. Well, I didn't like the back-handed compliment at all on account of my country—but had no help for it; but I made a promise to myself, that before long I'd have a father and family for myself somehow or other.' It was a misty morning, and Mark Godford, the fisherman, did not think it wise to put to sea; he dragged his boat up on the shingles, and returned home to look after his donkey, requesting a fisherman, who remained on the beach drying his nets, to prevent any boys or young children from pushing out the boat. The fisherman attended but little to the trust reposed in him; for as the evening closed in, Jerry was sent down to draw the boat still higher on the shingles—but no boat was there! that is to say, that though many boats were on the strand, the particular one, bearing Mark Godford's name, had disappeared; and, to Jerry's horror, he saw his humble patron's two children (one of them my curly-headed friend), accompanied by another boy, in the boat, beyond the small breakers, which were rising in no very peaceful mood on the beach. What could be done? the men had gone home to their different dwellings, and the wind, blowing off the shore, was drifting the naughty, foolish children further and further out. Poor Jerry called, and screamed; but the boys heard him not, and, if they had heard, had neither skill nor strength to guide the boat. 'What ails you, honey?' inquired a poor Irish shrimp-woman, who had been lingering in the water, and now was seated under the cliff, mending her net; 'What ails you?' Jerry explained his anxiety, and requested her to assist him in getting a boat out. 'That you may be all lost, is it?' she said, moving at the

same time to perform his request; and seeing, even more clearly than Jerry himself, that there was no time to lose, not even time to get to the village and procure necessary assistance. 'I didn't see the little fools,' exclaimed the poor woman; 'how could I, barrin I hadn't eyes in the back of my head, which was to the wather: there now, in wid you.' The kind-hearted creature was not satisfied with this little aid, but got into the boat herself, and, to Jerry's delight, helped to guide it over the breakers. He had formerly observed her assisting her husband in the same perilous task, and was well aware of the value of her kind services; but they had to encounter greater peril than they had been at all aware of: the wind increased, and as they neared the boat, they could hear the screams of the careless children who were totally unable to trim their little vessel, and left her to the pitiless tossing of the storm. 'God preserve us! for He only can,' muttered the shrimp-gatherer; 'Amen, again and again,' responded Jerry; 'oh, if they would only sit still, and not keep running from one end of the crayther of a boat to the other, all would be well enough!' The woman elevated her voice, when within hearing, and commanded them to remain quiet; and Jerry commenced preparing a rope which he hoped they could fasten to the gunwale between the swells, which unhappily increased in size and quantity. 'Now, my boy, now's yer time!' exclaimed the woman; and the rope was flung, caught, and, in a few moments, two out of three had scrambled to their preservers; but Curly-pate still remained crying and trembling, leaning first on one side, then on the other. Suddenly a tremendous wave so nearly capsized both boats, that Jerry and the shrimp-gatherer almost lost their sight; and when they looked again the smaller vessel was upset, and, from its changed position, appeared as if towing downwards their own boat. The woman, with praiseworthy presence of mind, cut the rope; but Jerry had another object—to save poor Curly-pate, his favourite, the darling of his father's heart, his mother's best and greatest treasure; bravely he sprang into the dark abyss in search of the drowning boy. The shrimp-gatherer clasped her hands more tightly on her almost useless oar, and drew her breath earnestly through her closed teeth; in less than a minute she saw Jerry rise above the waters, bearing the lost one with him; but so much time elapsed before she could get them into the boat that she thought Curly-pate would breathe no more. It was an awful and desperate task to guide the little bark to land—the two boys who had been first saved, crying, ready to break their hearts—the evening quite closed in—master Curly still insensible—the brave Jerry almost drowned—and the poor woman, weakened by her former exertions, contending with the waves; still, as Jerry piously said, 'by God's great blessing we got to land: and that was Jerry's first triumph. Mark Godford pressed his child (rescued from a watery grave by Jerry's devoted bravery) to his heart, and called him brave! 'It's hard,' quoth the Irish boy, as he laid his head that night upon his pillow, 'It's hard,' quoth he, 'if I don't prove myself true and honest before long.' No knight-errant ever more eagerly desired adventure than Jerry sought for an opportunity to prove his truth and honesty. 'Then,' he thought to himself, 'I shall no longer be without a father.' The shrimp-woman entertained a great opinion of Jerry's merits, and praised him much to her acquaintances; but the English boys looked upon him as an interloper, as one who took much from them, for Jerry's activity and good-

nature were growing proverbial, and, like his country-folk, it must be confessed he was as ready to work for love as for money, a feeling the very opposite to the English of the class to which they belonged. The prejudice against him increased to such a degree, that Jerry was perpetually getting into scrapes with the Shoreham boys, and then literally fighting his way out of them; indeed fighting was the mode of reasoning he understood best, and at last his friend found it necessary to interpose his authority to prevent his *protégé* from being, as the *protégé* himself expressed it, 'murdered intirely.' To say the truth, I am afraid that my Irish friend did not dislike such encounters: at all events, Mark not only forbade, but wisely as well as kindly informed the youth, that if, during a period of one month, he abstained from fighting, he should have a new suit of clothes; of this, Jerry stood much in need, and the forbearance which, during a period of three weeks, he showed on various occasions, raised bright anticipations in his good friend's mind. The old shrimp-woman knew of the intended reward, and, by averting quarrels, assisted her favourite's resolve to fight no more; the Shoreham boys thought it strange that Jerry would not fight, but they never either called or fancied him a coward. There was, however, one boy, if possible, more pugnacious than Jerry, a regular fighter, the plague of the neighbourhood, and alas! that such should ever be the case, the misery of his parents: he persecuted our hero most terribly; and, at last, Jerry's patience could hold out no longer, and a desperate quarrel ensued; I am sorry and ashamed to recount it, but the fact was that they fought under the shadow of a cliff which they thought screened them from observation—they were mistaken. The old shrimp-gatherer knew that were another day to pass, her favourite would have his clothes, and she watched him very closely to prevent a quarrel. Great was her annoyance when she saw him 'triumphant in battle,' and his miserable jacket more torn than ever: 'ye'r a bad boy, Harry Nulton; I know how you tempted him, I know all about it, how you boasted that you'd make him fight; and now he may go naked for any thing you care!' 'No,' replied fighting Harry; 'no, mother Irish, I'm not as bad as that either; I'll not tell—it's enough for me I've had my fight out; but I'll not hinder Jerry's getting his clothes from Old Mark; I'm no tell-tale, and nobody need know it but our three selves.' 'Sit down then, Jerry, till I stitch up the rents, and old Mark will never know a word about it; and I'll go bail so far for fighting Harry, had as he is, that when onct he says he wont tell, he wont.' Jerry's cheek flushed, and his eye brightened with indignation at the good-natured but weak-principled woman's suggestion. 'You don't know me,' he said; 'indeed you don't: it was wrong, wicked to fight; but there stands Harry, and he knows how he provoked and dared me to it before I'd hear to it at all:—and God knows that it was more to please Mark than even to get the clothes, bad as I wanted them, but it's all over now.' 'What a fool you are,' exclaimed Harry; 'the fight was a fair one, as I'm willing to allow, and no harm done that is to signify, and no one beyond ourselves ever need to know it. Come, come, keep your own secret, and indeed you can make up for it, for I'll maintain you're brave, and never ask you to strike another blow: besides it 'ill only fret poor Mark if he hears it.' 'And I saw the beautiful new castor he bought you, and the jacket true blue as purty as ever grew on a sheep's back, the wool I mean afore it was

cloth, and all to be your own; think of that,' chimed in the shrimp-gatherer. 'And sure if any one has a right to the new clothes it's you,' persisted Harry, whose animosity had passed away with his blows; 'you who saved his child's life.' 'I will not tell a lie,' responded Jerry. 'But hark ye, honey, sure never a lie need you tell; you'll be asked no questions a cushla. Mark himself was bragging to me about you this morning, and sayin' what a jewel you war', as you are, darlint; and says he, 'I'm so sure he's kept his promise that never a question will I ask him, only put the clothes by his bed-side after he's gone asleep that he may find them in the morning.' To this bad advice Jerry made no reply, but, bursting into tears, took his way homewards, resolved to tell the truth. When my young readers remember that Jerry was literally in rags, they will, I hope, give him due credit for his resolution. His friend Curly-pate met him at the door, and, clinging fondly to him, whispered 'Father has got the clothes, Jerry, and we are to go to Shoreham church, and after that to dine in the boat for a holiday; and mother says she's better pleased than if she had a golden guinea that you kept a month without fighting, because now she is sure you will give it up entirely.' 'Sir,' said Jerry, striding up to Mark who was seated in his easy wicker chair after a hard day's work. 'Sir—I kept from fighting—till a—while—a—go!—but then I was tempted—no, sir, I've lost the clothes!'—he covered his face with his hands, and Mark looked as disappointed as Jerry; the old shrimp-woman had followed him home, and peering in her old wizened face, exclaimed, 'Ah, thin sure, and it's myself tried hard to keep ye from that knowledge, and couldn't; I am mad from him intirely, so I am, for telling!' 'So am not I,' interrupted the fisherman: 'Brave and true—another quality, and then Jerry!'—Jerry looked up through his tears and smiled, and, though the next morning saw him with a ragged jacket, his heart was cheerful. Displeased as Mark had certainly been by his fighting with Harry, still he valued, and shewed he valued, his truthfulness. It was also recorded, as I afterwards learned in the village of Shoreham, that Jerry never after that day was drawn into a quarrel, 'a barrin,' as the shrimp-woman told me, 'Onct when he thrashed a big Brighton boy most soundly for cutting off a donkey's tail.' My tale grows too long. Had I told it in the Irish boy's own words I think it would have been more interesting. How Jerry established his character for honesty would make a story of itself; you must take my word for it that he did so through many temptations, and perfectly to Mark's satisfaction. 'It was mighty quare,' said the old Irish woman, who delighted to talk of Jerry's perfections, and was not ashamed to confess, that she learned to value truth from the lessons of a boy of fourteen; 'It was mighty quare to see Jerry, when Mark not only gave him lave, after he proved himself to be brave, true, and honest,—not only gave him lave, but could him in the hearing of my two blessed ears (thanks be to God for the same), told him, he was proud to have him call him father! first, I thought he'd never lave off the crying, every tear as big as a bean, to say nothing of a pea; then the word 'father' was never off the top of his tongue night or day; yes, father; no, father; I'm going to my father; I see my father: every thing was father with him, and he as proud as a paycock; and to be sure he had the desire of his heart, and an emperor can have no more.'

We need hardly add, that we consider this

volume to be a most eligible gift, under all the circumstances noted on its title-page.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia—Natural History. On the Natural History and Classification of Quadrupeds. By W. Swainson, Esq. 12mo. pp. 397. London, 1835. Longman and Co. In the volume before us, Mr. Swainson proceeds to classify the Mammalia according to the quinary System announced by him in his former works; and certainly it is, to all appearance, the most natural. One of its most striking and gratifying features is, the strong and general analogies which it presents between the several natural kingdoms. To the general reader, it may probably appear incredible, but such is the fact, that, for the most part, every individual species in one group, or kingdom, has its representative in another. To give an example, the *Quadrumanæ*, the most highly organised of quadrupeds, are represented amongst birds by the *Insessores*,—the *Ferae*, or predatory animals, have their prototypes in the *Raptores*, and so on. This, again, not only applies to the larger families, but even every group has an individual species, or genus, typical of each of the grand divisions. We should, however, first premise, that the five orders into which Mr. Swainson divides quadrupeds are as follow; and, to illustrate, we place the orders of birds in a parallel column:

Quadrupeds.	Birds.
Quadrumanæ	Insessores
Ferae	Raptores
Cetacea	Natatores
Ungulata	Grallatores
Glires.	Rasores.

Now, in the first order, the typical genus *Simia* represents the *Quadrumanæ*; *Ceropithecus* is the feral type, *Papio*, the Cetacea, *Macacus*, the Glires, and *Inuus*, the Ungulata. One of the types, the *Natatorial*, we should observe, is not perfectly ascertained: we extract Mr. Swainson's remarks, more particularly from its allusion to the fabulous mermaid.

"There is yet another primary type necessary to complete the circle of the quadrumanous animals, and it is that which we have elsewhere distinguished as the *natatorial*; but of such an animal we have only vague and indefinite accounts. It will be seen that, throughout the whole class of quadrupeds, the aquatic types are remarkably few, and in general scarce; and that they contain fewer forms or examples than any other, and are often, in the smaller groups, entirely wanting. To account for this is altogether impossible; we can only call attention to the fact, as exemplified in the aquatic order of *Cetacea*, in that of the *Ferae*, in the *Pachydermata*, in the circle of the *Glires*, and in all the remaining *natatorial* types of the different circles of quadrupeds. We do not implicitly believe in the existence of mermaids as described and depicted by the old writers—with a comb in one hand and a mirror in the other; but it is difficult to imagine that the numerous records of singular marine animals, unlike any of those well known, have their origin in fraud or in gross ignorance. Many of these narratives are given by eye-witnesses of the facts they vouch for—men of honesty and probity, having no object to gain by deception, and whose accounts have been confirmed by other witnesses equally trustworthy. Can it be supposed that the unfathomable depths of ocean are without their peculiar inhabitants, whose habits and economy rarely, if ever, bring them to the surface of the watery element? As reasonably might a Swiss mountaineer disbelieve in the existence of an ostrich, because it cannot inhabit his Alpine precipices,

as that we should doubt that the rocks and caverns of the ocean are without animals destined to live in such situations, and such only. The *natatorial* type of the *Quadrumanæ*, however, is most assuredly wanting. Whatever its precise construction may or might have been, it would represent and correspond to the seals in the circle of the *Ferae*, or rapacious quadrupeds; while a resemblance to the *Simiadae*, or monkeys, must be considered an essential character of any marine animal which is to connect and complete the circular series of types in the *Quadrumanæ*. That some such animal has really been created, we have not the shadow of a doubt; and we have recently been confirmed in this belief by accidentally meeting with the following description in Shaw's *Zoology* of a strange creature, there called, after Pennant, the sea-ape *manati*. 'This species (?) is only known from the description of Steller, who, near the coast of America, saw a singular animal, which he chose to name a *sea-ape*. It was about five feet long, with a head like a dog's; the ears sharp and erect, and the eyes large; on both lips it had a kind of beard; the form of the body was thick and round, but tapering to the tail, which was bifurcated, with the upper lobe longest; the body was covered with thick hair, gray on the back, and red on the belly. Steller could not discover any feet or paws. It was full of frolic, and sported in the manner of a monkey, swimming sometimes on one side of the ship and sometimes on the other, and looking at it with much seeming surprise. It would come so near the ship, that it might be touched with a pole; but if any one stirred, it would immediately retire. It often raised one-third of its body above the water, and stood upright for a considerable time; then suddenly darted under the ship, and appeared in the same attitude on the other side: this it would repeat for thirty times together. It would frequently bring up a sea-plant, not unlike a bottle-gourd, which it would toss about and catch again in its mouth, playing numberless fantastic tricks with it.' Now, upon this statement it may be observed, that Steller, as a traveller and naturalist, is held in good estimation. He must have been well acquainted with the seal, the only animal that can well be confounded with this sea-ape; and was not, therefore, likely to be deceived, even had its appearance been more transitory. The time may yet come, in all probability, when new light may be thrown upon this interesting question. In the mean time, we profess our belief that no perfect circle in nature is without a *natatorial* type, and that no such type can be assigned to the *Quadrumanæ* from any of the aquatic quadrupeds already defined in our systems."

It appears, then, that Mr. Swainson is not absolutely inclined to discredit the existence of this syren. We shall now present our readers with his remarks on another fabulous animal—the unicorn.

"There is such an obvious hiatus, or gap, between the horse and the camel, that every principle of analogy induces us to think a very important link of connexion has either become extinct, or has hitherto remained undiscovered. This form we consider to be possessed by some animal more or less agreeing with the unicorn; but upon this subject we shall here merely repeat those observations already before the public. 'Respecting the unicorn, M. Rüppell's researches have furnished us with some very interesting information: his observations on the structure of the horns of the northern giraffe (*C. antiquorum* Sw.) prove at least that

the existence of a quadruped like the supposed unicorn, furnished only with a frontal horn, is at least neither impossible nor contrary to nature. Our traveller obtained much information on this much-debated question at Kordofan, where the unicorn was said to be known, and to bear the name of nillekma. Persons of various conditions agreed in the statement that the nillekma was of a reddish colour; equal in size to a small horse; slender as the gazelle in its shape; and furnished with a long, slender, straight horn in the male, which was wanting in the female. Some added, that its hoofs were divided; while others declared they were entire. According to these statements, this animal inhabits the deserts to the south of Kordofan, is uncommonly fleet, and only occasionally visits the Kaldagi Slave Mountain, on the borders of this province. Three several Arabs asserted to M. Rüppell, that they had themselves seen the animal in question; and one of his slaves from Kalnagi, on seeing the antelope brought from the desert of Korti, gave, of his own free will, a description of the nillekma, exactly coinciding with the notices afterwards obtained by M. Rüppell: it appears he had eaten of it in his own country, and described it as a very beautiful animal. Of the veracity of this slave, M. Rüppell had frequent proofs, especially in the description of animals, all of which were found to accord with the respective species which were subsequently procured.* Having been conducted from the *Solipedes*, or entire-footed quadrupeds, to the *Ruminantes*, by means of the camels, we now take the opposite point of the circle, and approach the *Ruminantes* by means of the aberrant tribes of the order, namely, the *Pachydermes*, the *Edentates*, and the *Amphotheres*."

Mr. Swainson departs from Cuvier's classification in arranging the bats among the *Quadrumanæ*, instead of placing them among the *Fera*. In this we think he is correct, as the passage from the flying Lemurs into the *Vespertilionidae* seems easy and natural. With respect to his arrangement of the carnivorous *Marsupials* amongst the *Fera*, we are inclined rather to doubt. They may possibly be the *Feral* type of the *Marsupialia*: it is, however, a questionable point. We subjoin Mr. Swainson's remarks:—

"Having now concluded our arrangement of the chief groups of the ferine order, it may be expedient to advert to those considerations which have induced us to separate the carnivorous marsupials from those which are herbivorous, and thereby to break up the order *Marsupialia* of the *Règne Animal*. Nearly all our leading naturalists have acknowledged the artificial nature of this assemblage, uniting, as it does, animals of the most opposite natures, and of the most dissimilar organisation, merely from the circumstance of their possessing a marsupial pouch. Upon what reasons M. Cuvier, by instituting this order, was induced to violate the very first principles of his own arrangement—which every one sees is mainly founded upon the structure of the teeth—we know not; but this single circumstance is sufficient to excite the strongest suspicion that his arrangement is not natural. This, at least, was the conclusion at which we arrived, after the most matured investigation we could give the subject, and after endeavouring in vain to discover a circular series among the marsupial animals. It was, therefore, with no small gratification that we found our own impressions confirmed by the opinions of a naturalist eminently versed in this branch of zoology, and whose remarks are so much to the purpose, that

we shall borrow his language to express our own decided convictions on this subject. 'The further we advance in our knowledge of marsupial animals,' observes Mr. Bennett, 'the more firmly do we become convinced of the impropriety of their separation as a distinct and isolated group. When we see that the single peculiarity that unites them is bestowed upon types of form so widely different from each other, we cannot consider this simple metastasis of function in a certain set of organs alone, however great the importance of that function in the animal economy, as furnishing sufficient ground for the overthrow of every principle of classification, and for setting at naught some of the most strongly marked affinities that the animal kingdom affords. How striking, for instance, is the passage from the insectivorous *Carnivora*, through the opossums and *Dasyuri*, to the civets, and other more purely carnivorous groups! What is there of importance in the structure of the wombat, the *Phascolomys* of M. Geoffroy, except this solitary character of the marsupium, to separate it from the rodent (*Gliris*) order? And what other character can be found to justify, even in appearance, the union of any of the animals just mentioned with the kangaroos? It is obvious that a tribe formed of such discordant materials cannot be natural, and the animals of which it is composed imperatively require to be distributed in more strict conformity with the general laws of their organisation. The anomalous character of many of them undoubtedly presents a formidable obstacle to their classification; but we entertain a confident belief that a more intimate acquaintance with their structure than we yet possess, will, at no very distant period, lead to their complete and homogeneous amalgamation with the general mass, of which they form integral, although at present dislocated, parts. In such an arrangement, the place of the opossums, as we have before intimated, cannot be mistaken. Together with the *Dasyuri*, their representatives in New Holland, they would occupy a station intermediate between the *Insectivora* (*Sorecidea* Sw.), and the civets (*Mustelide* Sw.), with the latter of which they are no less closely connected in their habits than in their general form and in the character of their dentation.' The foregoing opinion on the situation of the opossums and *Dasyuri* is the more valuable, because it has been given not only without any predilection for, but even without the knowledge of, those views of natural arrangement given to the world five years after, and which are not only applicable to this, but to every other group in nature. The details which have here been laid before the reader fully confirm, even to the letter, the belief expressed by Mr. Bennett—from merely looking to the animals themselves—that the *Sorecidea* passed, by means of the *Didelphida*, into the civets. Our intelligent observer seems also to have perceived, upon another occasion, the course of the *other side* of the circle;* for without the intermediate group of ursine animals, and its aberrant forms, as seen in the badger, ratel, and glutton, the weasels and the civets could not be reached. As this is the point, however, which to ordinary naturalists may appear the most objectionable in this circular arrangement of the order, we shall endeavour to prove that it is not only consistent with the authorities we have cited, and with the simple inferences to be drawn from

* So completely is the carnivorous character lost in their teeth, that it would be impossible, without the transition afforded by the racoons and the coatis, and carried on through the dogs and the civets, to recognise the lactators of the cats in the penultimate molars of the bears. Bennett's Zool. Gard. l. 101."

the relations of the animals themselves, but that it can be tried by the double tests of uniform variation and uniform analogy."

In conclusion, we must again repeat, that our author's system, necessarily imperfect as it is, appears to us to be the most natural and satisfactory of any with which we are acquainted. His work is a very valuable addition to our zoological treasures; and, as such, should find a place in the library of every student and lover of natural history. His style is clear and concise, and his arguments logical and conclusive, though to some they may appear to draw somewhat on the imagination.

Random Recollections of the House of Commons from 1830 to the close of the Session 1835; including Personal Sketches, &c. By one of No Party. 12mo. pp. 382. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS appears to be the work of one of the Reporters, whose opportunities for observation are sufficiently extended; but it has reached us too late for a detailed notice. We shall only observe, that the subject is of a nature likely to be popular, and that the writer displays considerable talent, and tolerable fairness, albeit his leaning (though "of no party") is evidently towards the men of the movement.

We select a specimen of his general remarks. "I recollect, when I first entered the house, being struck with the great number of bald-headed members. The number is greater in this parliament than in any previous one within my remembrance. I have sometimes had occasion to calculate the number of bald heads in the house at once, and have found them to be nearly a third of all present. Taking the whole six hundred and fifty-eight, I should think that perhaps a fourth part are more or less bald-headed. The dress of hon. members varies with the season. In the spring months, the prevailing colour is black from head to foot; but in the summer season the great majority wear light-coloured inexpressibles and waistcoats. The last two sessions were remarkable for the number of white hats in the house. Considerably more than a majority of the members, I am sure, wore white hats last session. The number of red heads in the house is also remarkable. I should think they are hardly less numerous than the bald heads. When I come to advert to individual members of distinction, it cannot fail to strike the reader how many of them are red-headed. I have spoken of the noise and confusion that often prevail in the house when a fourth or fifth-rate speaker is addressing it. When a popular member belonging to either party is on his legs, he, again, is sure, especially if speaking on a party question, to be applauded to the echo by those who hold the same principles as himself. For example, Sir Robert Peel may at all times rely on the vociferous applause of the Tories; Lord John Russell on that of the Whigs; and Mr. O'Connell on that of the Radical or Movement party. In applauding their respective favourites, hon. members give full play to their lungs. Their cheers are sometimes deafening in the house, and are often distinctly heard at a great distance from it. In the new houses, which are near each other, the cheers given in the commons often disturb the more grave deliberations of the lords. But it is on an important division that the stentorian capabilities of the commons are heard to most advantage. I have often heard the triumphant party give such rounds of applause on the speaker's announcing the numbers, as literally made the ears of honourable members ring again. When

Sir Robert Peel was last session defeated on the church appropriation question, such was the exultation of the liberal party, that some of them, not content with hurraing at the top of their voices, actually took off their hats and whirled them in the air. Of other kinds of sounds which are often to be heard in the house, I shall have occasion to say something in the following chapter. There are several naval members in the house, who, though they have as large an allowance of good judgment—in some instances more—as those members who have spent all their days in polished society,—yet have lost much of their earlier literary acquirements. There is more than one of these—and there are several members who have chiefly spent their time in rural retirement in the same predicament—who have forgotten the first rudiments of their orthography. I could mention several amusing instances of such blunders committed by M. P.'s; but let one suffice. A worthy Welch baronet, distinguished for his maritime exploits, was lately asked, by one of his constituents who chanced to be in town at the time, for an order of admission into the house. With his characteristic disposition to oblige, Sir—immediately complied with the request, and wrote an order in the usual terms, and addressed it thus—'To the Door Ceepor of the House of Commons.' The person for whom it was intended, discovered the error in the spelling after he had gone ten or twelve yards from the worthy baronet, and turning back and running up to him said, 'Oh, Sir—there is a mistake in the word 'keeper'; you have spelt it with a c instead of a k.' 'A mistake!' responded the baronet, taking the order into his hand, 'Not a bit of a mistake is there in it, both ways are right—quite right, my friend,' at the same time returning the order uncorrected to his constituent."

We observe, on a hasty glance, several mistakes, such as that Mr. Croker is "full six feet high," and said in the house he did not know there was such a place in the world as Bedford Square, &c. &c.; but we shall return to the examination of this production, so give it but a short introduction now.

The History of the British Colonies. By R. Montgomery Martin, F.R.S., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 594. Vol. V. London, Cochrane and Co. In this, his concluding volume, the author has nobly redeemed his original pledge to the public; and by placing before it, in a clear and comprehensive light, the state of our colonial possessions in Europe, completed a work of rare industry and great national importance. It is this week out of our power to enter into any of his details respecting Gibraltar, Malta (which, by the by, was brought into Europe by an act of the British Parliament), the Ionian Islands, the Norman Isles, the Isle of Man, Heligoland, &c. &c.; but we can truly say, that every one of these places is ably illustrated, and the whole combined in a skilful and valuable manner. Five well-executed maps add much to the value of the volume; which, with its four per-
cursors, we cordially recommend to the encouragement they so eminently merit. As a library book, a book of information, and a book of reference, it has no superior in these times, when cheap misintelligence has usurped the name of Knowledge, under which to promote the "spread" of error and ignorance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Family Topographer, by S. Tynms, Vol V. (London, Nichols and Son).—The midland counties are dis-

posed of in this volume with all the accuracy and minute information which has marked its predecessors; and Derbyshire and Warwickshire are about two of the most interesting counties in England; nor are Leicester, Lincoln, Nottingham, Northampton, and Rutland, without their claims to our best attention.

Heeren's Manual of Ancient Geography. Pp. 85. (Oxford, Talboys).—An excellent and most useful little vol., compiled from the learned researches of Heeren, and admirably adapted for the use of schools and private instruction.

An Initiatory Step to English Composition: or, Grammatical Analysis facilitated, &c. By M. Rice. Pp. 167. (London, Haller).—A clever and useful help, with suitable exercises. It is founded on judicious principles, and the theory wrought out with talent and skill. We believe the fair author is a teacher; and we can justly commend her on producing a publication well calculated to assist tuition.

The Geographical Annual, and Universal Gazetteer. 1836. (London, Chardon).—Under somewhat of a new form, and much improved by the addition of the Gazetteer from Maundrell's excellent "Treasury of Knowledge," &c. this little volume sustains its good and useful character; and notices the latest discoveries in an appropriate manner. The maps, it is true, are on a small scale, but the information is by no means inconsiderable.

Old Bachelors, by the author of *Old Maids*. 2 vols. (Macrone).—We are not sure that we can do justice to this work; but, in truth, so much of its humour has been familiar to us for a long time, that we have not the power of enjoying it, as other readers may. As it is, we can only say that it belongs to the familiar and jocular class; and is, therefore, likely to amuse those who are not too familiar with the jocular.

The Air, by Robert Mudie, Author of "The Heavens," "The Earth," &c. &c. Pp. 280. (London, Ward and Co.).—This is another of those small, but interesting and instructive volumes, which collect and condense a variety of the information connected with a particular division of natural phenomena; and, by placing it before the young reader in a distinct and separate point of view, afford him clear ideas of the subject unembarrassed by other matter. They are like pictures of the seasons, in which it is better and more profitable to look at one season at a time than to have them all, however ably they might be painted, composed into one grand representation. We can safely recommend *The Air* to the same favour as Mr. Mudie's previous productions have experienced.

Guides.—1. *Picture of Dublin*. Pp. 352. (Dublin, Curry and Co.).—2. *Panorama of North Wales*. Pp. 328. (London, Groombridge).—3. *Picture of the New Town of Herne Bay*. Pp. 100. (London, Macrone).—Perhaps we ought to have noticed these three publications earlier in the season; but one reason existed against it, viz., that we did not see the *Picture of Dublin* till this week. Having seen that volume, we are glad to be able to speak very favourably of the pains and intelligence bestowed upon it. It is in all respects equal to the best London works of the same sort, and must be very serviceable to the visitors of Dublin, where there is so much to see and no small difficulty (hitherto or *vide voce*) in obtaining the necessary information touching "the Lions." Guides are but too commonly flattering, though it is, in fact, their nature, and we never remember to have seen one which did not err in this respect, and occasion disappointments. This arises from the feeling of fondness folks always entertain for the theme or side they take up; and it is increased by the intervention of private interests and the partialities which they contrive, somehow or other, to command; or beg, borrow, or steal; but fair to say that the Dublin volume is as free from the reproach as could be expected; though we do observe some little pieces of high-colouring here and there. The *Welsh Panorama* is a pretty and pleasing companion, without which it would be very silly to make an excursion into the picturesque country, whose principal features it faithfully traces. The *Herne Bay Guide*, on the contrary, is an outrageous puff of a wonderfully inconvenient, dear, and disagreeable watering-place. Its shore of mud and filth, its barren scenery, its beggarly accommodations, its insufferable baths, and its consequently inferior company, deserve a very different account to be given of them than the mass of fudge and falsehood which this pseudo-Guide has the impudence to offer.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

DR. RITCHIE commenced the series of illustrations for this season on Tuesday evening, by delivering a familiar discourse, accompanied with experiments on the use of science in cases of extreme necessity. The professor wisely preferred this course to a formal lecture on the subject. After shewing the great importance of a complete knowledge of mechanics to the proper study of natural philosophy; to the divine, the theologian, and even the lawyer, whose object was not always truth but victory, Dr. Ritchie came at once to the point, and put a case, that of a person arriving in a new country covered with surface-stone, which it is

necessary for him in part to clear away: surface-stone is known to be of such a quality, that neither the lever, the inclined plane, nor the wheel-and-axis, could be employed for its removal with success; a knowledge of mechanics, however, prompted that simple contrivance, the double-capstan, which was the only way of increasing effect without diminishing the strength of the means. Take another example in this new country: let us suppose a person without the instruments for accurately measuring time; a knowledge of the conic section will suggest the parabola to him. Water, in a vessel of this form, with an orifice at the base, descends in equal portions and at equal times: these results gained, it will be easy to superadd the usual requisites of a clock. Take another example: a lecture on electricity is to be delivered some miles from London; the machine breaks on the road to the lecture-room, and there is no other in the neighbourhood—what is to be done? A common glass bottle will be found an excellent succedaneum for a cylinder, which, with a few bits of flannel put in operation, will produce sparks, and give shocks and fluid in sufficient quantity to charge an electric jar. A curious illustration of this the lecturer had seen in the North of Scotland, where the boys, much to the annoyance of divers cats and dogs, were wont to amuse themselves with machines constructed in this manner by themselves, from instructions given to them by the senior scholars attending the natural philosophy class. The absence of the magnet and of the quadrant on board ship, in cases of the utmost destitution, were next easily provided for by Dr. Ritchie; as were other inconveniences arising from "extreme cases." But we find that, without his diagrams, models, and calculations, we can convey at the best but an undistinct idea of the substitutes; we will therefore let further description alone.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, the 4th, being the first evening of meeting for the session, the Society assembled at its apartments in Somerset House, Mr. Murchison in the chair.—A paper by Dr. Buckland was first read, on the discovery of the beaks of four extinct species of fishes, referable to the genus *Chimæra*; and found in the oolitic and cretaceous series of England. Some of these curious remains were presented to Dr. Buckland, about six years since, by Sir Philip Egerton, who had discovered them in the Kimmeridge clay, near Oxford; but it was not until a recent visit to the museum at Leyden that the author ascertained their relation to the singular genus of fishes in which he has placed them. The paper was accompanied by an appendix by Dr. Agassiz, describing the distinctive characters of each species. A communication by Mr. Murchison was next read, containing an account of the quarry in the new red sandstone at Rhone Hill, near Dungannon, in which numerous ichthyolites (*Paleozoic catopterus*, Agassiz) had been found, and of the geological structure of the adjacent district. A slab of the sandstone presented to the Society by Mr. Greer, the proprietor of the quarry, was laid upon the table, and exhibited on a surface not exceeding two feet square, impressions of above 250 fishes. Mr. Agassiz afterwards gave a succinct account of his researches in English fossil fishes. The number of species which he has noticed amounts to about 400, of which 300 are new; and he stated that the specimens, too imperfect to be described at present, announce the existence of a still greater number of species. A large collection of beau-

tifully executed drawings, illustrative of M. Agassiz's labours, was exhibited.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

EARL STANHOPE in the chair.—An address, congratulating the noble chairman on his return to England, was read, carried *nem. con.*; and acknowledged, in feeling and appropriate language, by Earl Stanhope. A memoir, most flattering to the memory of Professor Burnett, a lately deceased and eminent fellow of the Society, was likewise read, and ordered to be entered on the minutes. Mr. Jupp exhibited an oak-seedling, from an acorn which had germinated by suspension over water. The root of this curious specimen was exceedingly well developed; its exhibition excited considerable interest. It appeared that the acorn had been suspended in the manner stated since the month of February last. Mr. Johnson, the lecturer of botany at Guy's Hospital, delivered an introductory lecture on the advantages of the study of medical botany: the lecture was a well-digested address, and illustrated by many cases, some of them highly amusing. The lecturer is evidently a reformer; and many of his remarks, especially those in reference to druggists, reflected much credit on him. He trusted he should live to see the day, when not only a knowledge of chemistry and the materia medica, but a proficiency in their practice, should be demanded as qualifications for exercising the vocation of a druggist, in lieu of the vague pretensions to science which, he was sorry to say, were the only qualifications of many druggists of the present time. A translation of a German paper on the efficacy of a certain (*manchineel*), in cases of cancer, was also read.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE.—The subject for the Norrisian prize-essay for the present year is "The style and composition of the writings of the New Testament no way inconsistent with the belief that the authors of them were divinely inspired."

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Thursday, Colonel Leake in the chair, H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex was elected a member; and other members were also elected, and candidates proposed.—The paper read was by Mr. Cullamore, and an interesting discussion ensued, on the inscriptions found on Babylonian bricks. A brick, in the finest preservation, we believe, ever yet seen in Europe, was exhibited. It is of a brown colour, like clay baked in the sun. The weight is thirty pounds; the dimensions about 13 inches square, and the thickness of one of our ordinary bricks, $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The inscription is impressed upon the centre on one side, apparently when in a moist state; and is 6 inches by $4\frac{1}{2}$. The other side has obviously been fixed or plastered against a wall, and the position of the brick, consequently, upright, with the inscription facing outwards. A long inscription from a stone at Bagdad, in similar characters, the *arrow-headed*, was also presented by Sir C. Wilkins. These are most important documents.—A vast number of other presents were announced, and thanks voted to the donors.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Statistical, 8 P.M.
Marylebone Institution, 8½ P.M.
MONDAY Mons. Galais on the French Drama.
London Institution, 7 P.M.
Mr. Wallis's lecture on Astronomy.

TUESDAY

Linnæan, 8 P.M.
Belgrave Institution, 8 P.M.
Rev. Mr. Mortimer on Idumea and the Ruins of Petra.

WEDNESDAY

Geological, 8½ P.M.
Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.
Ordinary Meeting.

THURSDAY

Royal Society, 8½ P.M.
Society of Antiquaries, 8½ P.M.
London Institution, 2 P.M.
Dr. R. Dickson; third lecture on the Economy of the Vegetable Kingdom.

FRIDAY

London Institution, 7 P.M.
Mr. Wallis's lecture on Astronomy.

FINE ARTS.

"HONOUR THE KING."

We feel a loyal and patriotic joy in having to state, that a grand pillar and statue, to be erected to his majesty, King William the Fourth, has been determined upon, and will immediately be carried into execution. To describe it we cannot do better than copy the "proposal."

"The hill on the top of Greenwich Park, in a direct line with the centre of Greenwich Hospital, is most respectfully suggested as an admirable site for a pillar or statue to be erected to his most gracious majesty, King William the Fourth. It should be built upon a scale of height and grandeur not surpassed by any thing of the kind in Europe. To the nobility and gentry, to the clergy, to the officers of the navy in particular, as well as to those of the army; to the merchants, the seamen, and, in short, to all classes of subjects in this highly favoured and great commercial country,—it cannot fail to be an object of interest and gratification to see such a monument of loyalty and affection raised to their beloved sovereign, who was himself brought up in the naval service, and who, after having passed through all the grades of that service, filled the important office of Lord High Admiral, before ascending the throne. For the erection of such a monument of attachment to a good and naval king of this great maritime country, no situation can be so appropriate as Greenwich Park; where the statue, facing the river Thames (that general conflux for the ships and merchandise of the whole world), surveying, as it were, the Royal Arsenal, Dock Yards, and other establishments on its banks, and directing a hand to Greenwich Hospital and its School: the former, that royal retreat and resting-place for those brave and fearless men by whose valour Great Britain's glorious king reigns, also, the undoubted and envied sovereign of the sea; the latter, where the sons of naval officers, and of seamen and marines, are gratuitously educated and carefully instructed to support the high character of British officers and seamen, and maintain that dominion over the ocean which their forefathers so bravely won. Longitude might be henceforth reckoned from King William the Fourth's Pillar, which will, of course, be perpetuated to the end of time. It will be seen from the metropolis, many miles down the river, from the high road to Dover, and from a vast extent of country all round; and will become far more celebrated than Pompey's Pillar, or Cleopatra's Needle."

Having met with approbation in those quarters which insure the result, we seize the first opportunity of congratulating the country on the erection of this national tribute and glorious monument.—*Ed. L. G.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

My Sketch Book. No. VIII. London, 1835. Tilt.

WE really think that, in this fasciculus of fun and humour, George Cruikshank has excelled himself. The subjects are the drollest of the droll. In the first page, the "Nursery-tails," and other ridiculous modes of arranging the hair, responded to by jars and pitchers, are very amusing; and "Beau Nassus" (a humanised bonassus), is the perfection of the grotesque. The other figures are not less praiseworthy, though too numerous to be particularised. The centre,—"Folly in the pursuit of Pleasure,"—a boy treading on a serpent while pursuing a butterfly among roses, is an allegory, the lesson of which is as worthy of being received as if it had been more seriously treated. In the second

page, the "Horse Hospital," surrounded by all kinds of riding, is admirable for drawing, variety, and character. The third presents "Drunkennes according to act of Parliament and otherwise," under aspects in which the elements of useful truth and comic representation are curiously and effectively blended. The "Quack pill-boxes, No. I. and No. II.;" two coffins, inscribed "*Memento Mori* and Son;" "the Pot-valiant," and the "Sharp Master and Stupid Servant," are capital hits. Nor is the fourth and last page at all behind the rest. Its "Lumber Troopers," and "Views of the Statue at Battlebridge," &c. &c., are in the artist's happiest style.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GARRICK-CLUB AND GALLERY.

It is certainly a singular and fortunate occurrence, that a collection of paintings so unique in its subjects and character as that which belonged to our lamented and excellent friend, Charles Mathews, should, after the death of its owner, not only be kept in its entire state, but become the property, by purchase, of a Society formed principally for the purpose of encouraging dramatic excellence, and of honouring and perpetuating the memory of histrionic talent. We heartily congratulate the Garrick Club on this curious, valuable, and most appropriate acquisition. It is the peculiar disadvantage of the profession of the stage, that, while the poet, the painter, or the philosopher, leaves substantial and durable records of his mental powers, the deceased or the retired actor's fame exists only in recollections, which are every day fading away; and in the mute and motionless forms which art has preserved for us: it is, therefore, especially desirable that a collection, like that under our consideration, which could have been accumulated only during a long course of years, at a very considerable expense, and under circumstances of a peculiarly favourable nature, should be placed, in its integrity, precisely in the situation of permanent safety in which it actually is placed.

Although the collection is one of dramatic rather than of pictorial interest, that its attractions of the latter kind are by no means contemptible must be apparent, when we state, that the pencils of Lely, Kneller, Hudson, Hayman, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Zoffany, Wilson, Vanderghucht, Cipriani, Cosway, Coates, Mortimer, Romney, Louthborough, Angelica Kauffman, Opie, Morland, Lawrence, Shee, Phillips, Beechey, Harlowe, Westall, Clint, Kearsley, Russell, Jackson, Landseer, Singleton, Drummond, Chalon, Downman, Green, Meyer, Lonsdale, Edridge, Dewilde, Lance, and others, have contributed to its formation.

Many of the earlier works are great curiosities in every respect; and in none more so than in the extraordinary and, in many instances, ridiculous costume which they exhibit. It is strange that theatrical improprieties of this kind should have existed so long without any attempt at improvement. Garrick was the first to commence a reformation. In later times, John Kemble exerted himself to the same effect. Still more recently, the lovers of the drama are deeply indebted to Mr. Planché, for those researches which, while they shew that gentleman's knowledge and taste, have so far tended, and, if properly followed up, would completely tend, to rescue the stage from the imputation justly thrown upon it in the early part of the last century by Richardson, who, in his "*Theory and Practice of Painting*," says:—"The stage never represents things truly,

especially if the scene be remote, and the story ancient. A man who is acquainted with the customs and habits of antiquity, comes to revive or improve his ideas relating to the story of *Œdipus*, or the death of Julius Cæsar, and finds a sort of fantastical creatures, the like of which he never met with in any statue, bas-relief, or medal; and his just notions of these things are all contradicted and disturbed."

Our limits will not allow us to enter into any detailed description of the collection; nor, indeed, would any such description be so satisfactory as that ocular examination of its merits which, thanks to the liberality of the members of the Garrick Club, who have appointed one day every two weeks† for the purpose, the respectable portion of the public may now easily obtain the means of enjoying. We shall, therefore, merely glance at a few of the most attractive works.

Perhaps the most striking picture in the rooms is the "Scene from the Clandestine Marriage—King as *Lord Ogleby*, Mrs. Baddely as *Miss Fanny Sterling*, and Baddely as *Canton*," by Zoffany. Its expression, its tone of colour, its breadth of effect, and its other qualities, are of the highest description.

There is an unfinished head—or rather an unfinished picture, for the head is finished—of Garrick, by Hogarth, which, they who are old enough to remember that extraordinary man say, is a perfect resemblance of him, when his features were at rest. Their play is finely shewn in Hayman's "Scene from the Suspicious Husband—Garrick as *Ranger*, and Mrs. Pritchard as *Clarinda*." *Apropos*, what a piece of elaborate absurdity is *Clarinda's* dress! It must have been extraordinary "merit" that (as Churchill reports it did) could have made such a face and figure as Mrs. Pritchard's "genteel." We must not omit to notice the intense abstraction of Garrick's countenance, in Zoffany's "Scene from Macbeth—Garrick as *Macbeth*, and Mrs. Pritchard as *Lady Macbeth*." It is a pity, however, that the painter did not give the actor a better pair of legs: no man ever did stand, or ever will stand, on such as these. Many other pictures of Garrick, in different characters, and by different artists, grace the walls; and there is a tasteful and elegant little drawing of Mrs. Garrick, by Cipriani.

"Macklin in his 93d year," by Opie, has all the force of that truly English artist's pencil. The lines in the face are, indeed, "cordage." The "Scene from Macbeth—Henderson as *Macbeth*," by Romney, is also rendered more interesting by the circumstance that one of the witches is a portrait of Macklin. A masculine head of "Woodward as *Petruchio*," by Vandergucht, is placed, as it deserves to be, in the centre of one of the apartments. "Ross as *Hamlet*," by Zoffany, is very droll; an elderly double-chinned gentleman, in a tye-wig, and with "too, too solid flesh" to melt! Of Mrs. Woffington, Nell Gwynne, Betterton, Cibber, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Oldfield, Barry, Mrs. Barry, Booth, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Yates, Quin, Rich, Smith, Edwin, Shuter, Foote, Parsons, Dodd, Bensley, Reddish, Weston,

* What can possibly induce the young gentlemen of Westminster School, when they represent, with so much spirit and ability, one of Terence's comedies, to adopt modern and English costume?

† The first and third Wednesdays of the month, when every member is allowed personally to introduce parties of his friends from eleven to three o'clock. The managing committee have, we think somewhat too fastidiously, not extended the same privilege to the presented cards or written application of members who may live at a distance, or be unable to give their personal attendance, however desirous of affording this gratification to their friends.

Quick, the Palmers, Mrs. Robinson, Holman, Miss Farren, Mrs. Jordan, &c. &c. &c. there are spirited representations, in a variety of characters.

Approaching more nearly to our own time, we find a characteristic portrait of "Cooke as *Shylock*," by Phillips; two fine little full-lengths of Mrs. Siddons, by Harlowe; and a profile of John Kemble, drawn by Lawrence, which is the most fascinating specimen of that accomplished artist's taste and feeling that we ever met with: nothing can be more exquisitely delicate, and, at the same time, more firm and decisive, than the general contour; and the eye is full of sweetness and spirit. Of Munden, the inimitable variety of whose features has been so happily described by Elia, there are several representations. Our favourite is that in Clint's "Scene from *Lock and Key*." As we gaze at it, we think we hear the rich chuckle of Munden's "Well, well." Of Kean, the best resemblance is a sketch of him, in oil, as *Richard the Third*, by Clint. Harlowe's admirable "Charles Mathews—portrait of himself, and as representing four extraordinary characters," is seen to great advantage, and is one of the most brilliant gems of the place. Shee's "Johnstone as *Sir Callaghan*, in *Love à-la-Mode*," strongly renews the recollection of that excellent actor. Of the various portraits of "Charles Young," we decidedly give the preference to a sketchy head of him "as *King John*," by Landseer: the wrinkled brow and dilated nostril are perfect. The "Young Roscius as *Douglas*," by Opie, and "Miss O'Neil as the *Tragic Muse*," by Joseph, ornament the staircase. In Downman's head of "Mrs. Twiss," we recognise a great resemblance to her niece, Fanny Kemble, whom we will mention only by the name under which she acquired so much just celebrity, Of "Fawcett," there are several portraits; the best, and an exquisite one it is, will be found in "Scene from *Charles the Second*—Charles Kemble as *Charles the Second*, and Fawcett as *Captain Copp*," by Clint; the Charles Kemble of which is equally good. Jackson's "Macready as *Henry the Fourth*," is very like; although one of the wits of the club calls it "Macready by moonlight." For Liston we must again quote Clint, in his "Scene from *Love, Law, and Physic*." It becomes necessary to restrain ourselves to the bare enumeration of Elliston, Harry Johnstone, Mrs. Harry Johnstone, Murray, Mrs. Martyr, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. C. Kemble, Mrs. Davison, Simmons, Lovegrove, Emery, Rock, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Davenport, Knight, Kelly, Mrs. Crouch, Pope, Blanchard, Madame Storce, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Orger, H. Phillips, Dowton, Russell, Meadows, Harley, Harry Siddons, Braham, Purser, Mrs. Litchfield, Mrs. Dickens, Farren, Terry, Mrs. Glover, Grimaldi, Rae, Conway, Abbot, Barrymore, Miss Tree, Incedon, Horn, Bannister, Egerton, Mrs. Egerton, Dignum, Miss Stephens, Farley, Hull, Sinclair, Mrs. Bland, Wewitzer, Wrench, Tokely, Mrs. Liston, Charles Taylor, Mrs. Edwin, Miss Kelly, Stephen Kemble, Oxberry, Yates, Raymond, Bartley, Mrs. Bartley, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Mountain, &c. &c. &c.; of these a great portion are small full-length drawings, by Dewilde.

The contemplation of this interesting collection naturally awakens a host of theatrical reminiscences; and a feeling of deep regret that, except in a comparatively small number of instances, the genius of the highly gifted originals no longer contributes to delight and instruct the public. How much melancholy they have (for the time, at least,) soothed, and

converted into innocent merriment! How many guilty consciences they have roused by their exhibitions of the terrible effects of crime! How much obduracy they have softened,

"Op'ning the sacred source of sympathetic tears!" What a knowledge of human character, in all its varieties, they have diffused! Against what hideous passions they have warned the youthful spectator! With what rational entertainment they have withdrawn him from indulgence in unintellectual and debasing enjoyments! What exalted sentiments, and what an admiration of generous and noble actions, they have infused into his soul! It is impossible to deny that the attractions of the theatre are not always pure, and that the performances are not always unobjectionable; but the balance preponderates so greatly to the side of good, that, let fanatics and blockheads say what they will, the state of the stage is one test of the state of civilisation in any country; and we sincerely lament that, at the present period, owing, however, as we hope and believe, to accidental and temporary causes, that state is not as high and palmy in England as we wish it to be.

DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—The *Siege of Rochelle*, followed usually by ballet operas and show-pieces, has this week dragged its, we fear, unprofitable course along, as was, indeed, to be expected from the monotonous sameness of quasi-entertainments, lasting from five hours and a half to six hours nightly. Some change must of necessity ensue even before the *Jewess*, on which the keeping the house open depends, is produced. This same *Jewess*, by the by, is we hear, preparing as a grand after-piece at Covent Garden, without the music. We do not approve of this sort of rivalry; but, as Drury Lane set the example, we cannot blame its competitor.

Covent Garden.—On Monday, a house crowded in every part witnessed Power's admirable acting in the *Irish Ambassador*, and *Born to Good Luck*, the last of which is an especial favourite with us. There is no purer piece of comedy on the stage than Power's *O'Rafferty*. It is so neatly finished, so perfectly in keeping throughout, so truly humorous in every look and gesture, without once overstepping the modesty of Irish nature and business of the scene, that "Laughter, holding both his sides," too often before the end of his sentences could reach the general ear, is the only drawback to the full enjoyment of this excellent representation. A Miss Wyndham, from Edinburgh, looked, played, and danced *Nina* with beauty and spirit, and is, in our opinion, a very acceptable addition to the company here. Mrs. Battersby also performed the old and amorous *Countess Molineux* with much talent. *Robert Macaire*, as the concluding drama, has been brought out with *éclat* every night, H. Wallack, Vale, Rogers, Mrs. W. West, and the rest, contributing very ably to its interest and success. *Rob Roy*, with Mr. Oshaldiston as the hero, M'lan, the *Dougal Creature*, and Dowton, the *Bailie*, has also given much satisfaction to the audiences. On Thursday, the *Robber's Wife* was brought out; and between Mrs. W. West and Power (*Rose Redland* and *Larry O'Gig*), supported by G. Bennett, M'lan, Rogers, &c., seemed to give entire and general satisfaction.

Adelphi.—The breaking up of the company here* should, we think, enable Covent Garden

* It was shut on Thursday night, and the new advertisements say it is to be reopened on Monday "under

greatly to strengthen its corps, if it be meant to diverge occasionally, from what are called Surrey pieces, into the more regular and legitimate drama. Mrs. Keeley, O. Smith, W. Bennett, Hemmings, Wilkinson, Buckstone, are all very popular actors—several of them at the top of their respective lines. With a becoming sense of what is due to themselves, whether in their theatrical or private capacities, the four first named, we are told, declined transferring their services to the new management; and in a manner not more honourable to their self-esteem than unpalatable to the parties concerned on the other side. On this occasion Mr. C. Mathews, also, acquitted himself with the spirit of a gentleman; and so far as their example may tend, we thank them, in the name of the public, for standing forth to rescue the drama from degradation.

The Queen's Theatre closed yesterday, we believe, for a month, when it will be reopened by Mr. Laurent. Such of the performers as, through engagements or other circumstances, could not help themselves, are expected to appear at the Adelphi on Monday.

The Olympic.—On Monday, *The Beau Ideal*, a broad farce, and the first dramatic essay of Mr. S. Lover (so highly popular for his Irish tales and charming lyrical compositions), was produced here, and received throughout with every manifestation of applause. The plot is not essentially dramatic, nor altogether probable (which broad farce, indeed, does not require), but the situations are eminently ludicrous, the dialogue pleasant and piquant, and the acting admirable. With such attractions, and the weight of the scene resting on the Atlantean shoulders of Liston, whose part is full of drollery, to which he imparts all his humour, we congratulate the author on realising his *Beau Ideal*. Vestris, in various disguises, has a character almost equal to Liston's, which she plays charmingly, and sings in it three beautiful airs, the words and music both, we presume, by Mr. Lover.* Mr. F. Mathews, as Mr. Dibbs' servant, was extremely clever; and his share in a capital scena, a street concerto, on the coach-horn, excited shouts of laughter.

circumstances of the most extraordinary and unprecedented nature," which, from that is notorious of the pursuits of the parties interested, is very likely to be the case, the more's the pity for the stage, the female performers, and the drama!

* It affords us much pleasure to indulge our distant readers with the words of one of these, a fair sample of the taste and genius of the writer.

Time met Beauty one day in her garden,
Where roses were blooming fair;
Time and Beauty were never good friends,
So she wondered what brought her there:
Poor Beauty exclaimed, with a sorrowful air,
"I request, Father Time, my sweet roses you'll spare!"
For Time was going to mow them all down,
While Beauty exclaimed, with her prettiest frown,
"Fie, Father Time!
Oh, what a crime!"

"Well," said Time, "at least let me gather
A few of your roses here;
The part of my pride to be always supplied
With such roses, the whole of the year."
Poor Beauty consented, though half in despair,
And Time, as he went, asked a lock of her hair;
And, as he stole the soft ringlet so bright,
He vowed 'twas for love—but she knew 'twas for spite.
Fie, Father Time!
Oh, what a crime!"

Time went on and left Beauty in tears;
He's a tell-tale the world well knows,
So he boasted to all, of the fair lady's fall,
And showed the lost ringlet and rose.
So shocked was poor Beauty, to think that her fame
Was ruined, though she was in nowise to blame,
That she droop'd, like some flower that is torn from its
clime,
And her friends all mysteriously said—"It was time!"
Oh, fie, Father Time!
Oh, what a crime!"

The Surrey.—*My Poll and my Partner Joe*, perhaps the best drama of its kind which we have, enticed us one night to the Surrey; and much to our gratification. T. P. Cooke's sailor is inimitable for frank jollity and rough pathos; and he is supported by Miss Macarthy, in the part of *Poll*, with a force of homely and natural feeling not inferior to his own efforts. The effect is such, that few in the theatre can escape the infection of tears. Mr. Smith, as the *Cobbler-Bishop of Battersea*, displays much quiet humour, which adds his full share to the overflowing success of the piece.

Lyceum.—We were sorry on Wednesday, to find this theatre disgraced by what was called a "magnificent univalued dramatic fête," and "farinagholkajingo," or some such ribald nonsense. That vice and prostitution should have free scope in the saloons, and too much infest the audience portions of our theatres, driving thence the decorous and respectable, has long been a reproach; but, that the nuisance should have public recognition in its own unmitigated and unmingled depravity, is what "the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain" ought not to permit. Pickpockets, old procuresses, and their impudent protégées (poor creatures! many of them forced to exhibit themselves indecently, and have their vile gains wrested from them by these wretches), and the general scum of London profligacy, under the winking superintendence of the police, assemble together to perform every disgusting act; such are these holkajingo masquerades, obscene and offensive to every moral feeling.

Victoria.—On Thursday, Mr. G. Jones essayed comedy, and performed *Don Felix*, in *The Wonder*, to a full house, and very successfully; though here, as well as in his tragic parts, he has been too indifferently supported to have had all the advantage to be derived from able co-operation.

VARIETIES.

Gems.—Of Mr. Hall's "Book of Gems" a large paper copy is now before us; and the engravings, which appeared so beautiful on the lesser paper, still more exquisitely please the eye and gratify the taste, when thus displayed with all the advantages of margin, magnificent paper, fine printing, and the other accessories which the luxurious in productions of art require for their perfect effect. It is a resplendent volume.

New Hydrostatic Engine.—The Rev. J. T. Porter, of the Close, Salisbury, has, it is stated, discovered a hydrostatic engine, which, if it succeed, will vie with the astonishing power of steam. The principle upon which it acts is the pressure of fluids. The construction of the apparatus is simple, consisting of four cylinders, two of which act as pumps, the other two as working cylinders, each of them having proper pistons. The double-acting power (of the model) is put in motion by only twenty-five ounces of water, assisted by the lever. Some idea may be formed of the force of the pressure, when we say that, with the stroke of one of the cylinders of the piston, an ash bough, an inch and a half in diameter, was broken with the greatest ease. The reverend gentleman is very sanguine as to the ultimate success of his discovery, and affirms that a ship, laden with the usual freight, may take a trip to the East Indies and back, the engine requiring for its total supply not more than a half hoghead of spring water.—*Salisbury Journal*.

Macedonian Coins, Antiquities, &c.—General Allard, at present flourishing a noble beard,

which he throws over his shoulder when he walks forth, in Paris, has long been resident with Runjeet Sing, and, as readers know from Burnes' admirable travels, in high trust with that potentate. On a mission to Europe, he has brought with him a splendid collection of ancient medals, some of the date of Alexander's Expedition, and found, it is stated, on the assigned site of the battle which decided the fate of Porus. These, and others of yet higher antiquity, have been submitted for examination to the French government, which, acting under the advice of the *Savans*, have, it is said, offered 400,000 francs for the collection. With this sum and other funds at his disposal, the general will purchase guns, cuirasses, and other implements of war, models, &c., which are intended for the service of his Eastern master.

Fossil Tree.—In the quarry from which stones are at present being taken for the new church erecting at the Miltoun of Balgonie, the quarryman lately discovered a large fossil tree. It is lying nearly horizontally, and is as yet attached by about two-thirds of its circumference to the sandstone. It is about fifteen inches in diameter, and about seven feet of it are at present visible. As it tapers slowly to the outer end, the portion still undiscovered is probably considerable. It is wholly composed of white sandstone similar to that in which it is imbedded. This quarry is remarkably rich in vegetable impressions. Casts or marks of palm-trees are to be found in great beauty and abundance. The rock is of the coal formation, and dips at an angle of about 30° W. by N., the opposite of the direction of the rocks along the shore. A bed, of about 8 feet thick, of a coarse blueish slate passes through it, in which the casts of one variety are chiefly found.—*Sunderland Herald*.

Curious Discovery.—As two old streamers, named Paddy, were working in a moor near the parsonage at Roche, they discovered an enclosure of rude stones, in the midst of which were found a block of tin of a peculiar shape, and several ancient coins, the impressions on which were much defaced by time. Several of the coins have been sent to London to be inspected. Many persons were induced to visit the spot, who, in their anxiety for further discoveries, opened an old barrow, about 200 yards distant, and found in it several pickaxes and spear-heads of brass. The moor has been called, from time immemorial, "Attal Sarazin," which, according to Carew, means the Jews' offcast.—*West Briton*.

Icelandic Curiosities.—A numerous meeting of learned men has examined, in presence of Messrs. Gaymard and Robert, naturalists to the expedition, the collection which the Recherche has brought from Iceland, on its return from its unsuccessful voyage in search of La Lilloise, which, there is every reason to suppose, has been totally lost in the Polar Seas. Two apartments in the Jardin des Plantes are filled with these articles: there are some pieces of trees which the sea has brought from the shores of America. The collection of rocks is more various than rich: the same may be said of the shells. The ornithological and entomological specimens are pretty numerous. The herbarium is curious; and the seeds shew the influence of a rude climate, which allows vegetation but a few months to produce its fruits and bring them to maturity. With respect to specimens of art in manufacture, the Icelandic collection has chiefly stuffs, a carpet, women's apparel of a very good texture. The shoes are by no means elegant; but embroidery in silver and clasps

prove that luxury, the arts, and coquetry, are not unknown under the 66th degree of latitude. As for the musical instruments, they are very shapeless, though the sagas of Iceland and Norway are eminent for songs. White foxes, dogs, eagles, and horses, will increase the number of the animals in the menagerie: in short, all the departments of natural history obtain new or remarkable productions from this voyage, which has already added to the museums of Boulogne, Caen, and Cherbourg.

Royal Irish Academy.—The election of president of the Royal Irish Academy, in the room of the late Dr. Brinkley, bishop of Cloyne, took place at Dublin on the 9th. The candidates were, the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately), Dr. Lloyd, provost of Trinity, who presided over the last meeting of the British Association, and Sir W. Hamilton, who was knighted on that occasion. Sir William having withdrawn from the contest, it lay between the other candidates, and Dr. Lloyd was elected by a great majority.

Periodical Literature.—A "Railway" weekly newspaper is now among our publications, and a "Shipping" Gazette is announced.

Comets Wanted.—The King of Denmark gives a gold medal, worth twenty ducats, to the discoverer of any telescopic comet, invisible to the unassisted eye at the time, and not of known revolution. Look out.

Artistical Pun.—The President of the Royal Academy, from his perfect knowledge of the arts and artists, might, it is presumed, assure the students of a recent discovery, namely, that Raphael had not found *Carlow Dolce* as he expected!

The Tear.

Sweet tribute of the parting hour,
Twin-sister of the word—farewell;
Thy honied nectar has a pow'r
Beyond what human tongues can tell. U. T.

Hope.

Hope is a bright, a sempiternal star,
Shining serene in love's extensive sphere;
By whose soft light the traveller from afar
Sees what he wishes, and forgets to fear. U. T.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Oporto, 29th September.—A young German army-physician, named Th—, has discovered, in a convent in this city, a complete MS. of the whole of the nine books of the Phœnician History of Philo Byblus, which he translated into Greek from the Phœnician of Sanction. It is, properly speaking, a chronicle of the city of Byblos; but, as this city was in alliance with Sidon, and subsequently became dependent on Tyre, the history of those cities is very circumstantially detailed. Neither are the neighbouring cities, people, and dynasties, overlooked, nor the events in the islands occupied by Phœnician colonies. The eighth book is particularly important: containing a catalogue of all the troops, war-chariots, and ships, of each town, and of each of the many dependent colonies. The colonies in Spain alone were independent, and allowed no person from the mother country to enter their ports except merchants from Tyre.

Babylonian Inscriptions.—Mr. Belfour, a member of the Royal Society of Literature, announces an Analysis of the Characters on the Babylonian Bricks; shewing their respective alphabetic powers, and their general import.

In the Press.

The Literary Remains of S. Taylor Coleridge, vols. I. and II. Edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge.
Mr. Theodore Hook's novel, "Gilbert Gurney," is on the eve of its appearance.

G. Hofinger's Life of the late Austrian Emperor, Joseph II.; Menzel's German History; and Maurer's History of Greece, are announced to appear in translations from the German.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Manual of British Vertebrate Animals, or Descriptions of all the Animals belonging to the classes, Mammalia, Aves, Reptilia, Amphibia, and Pisces, by the Rev. L. Jenyns, M.A. 8vo. 13s. 6d.—St. John in Patmos; or the Last Apostle, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—The Designs of Sir Inigo Jones, by W. Kent, 2 vols. in one large folio, 140 Plates, 3s. 3d.—Manual of Ancient Geography, by A. H. Heeren, 12mo.

2s. 6d. cloth.—Outlines of Mineralogy, Geology, and Mineral Analysis, by T. Thomson, M.D. (being the 3rd and concluding portion of his Chemistry), 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with Memoir, by H. W. Beechey, 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. 16s. 6d.—A Companion for the Sick Chamber, by John Thornton, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—The Book of the Denominations, or the Churches and Sects of the 19th Century, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—The Rules of Court from Mic. Term 1830, to Trin. Term 1835, by C. F. F. Wordsworth, 2d edition, 12mo. 12s. 6d.—Act for the Regulation of Municipal Corporations, by C. Cooper, with Notes, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Rules for Expanding and Diminishing Drawings, 4to. 8s. 6d. cloth.—Treatise on Insects, General and Systematic, by J. Wilson, F.R.S. 4to. 15s. 6d.—Poems and Lyrics, by Robert Nicoll, 12mo. 4s. 4d.—Flowers of Loveliness, edited by the Countess of Blessington, imp. 4to. 11s. 6d. 6d.—Random Recollections of the House of Commons, from 1830 to the end of last session, 1835, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. 6d.—Birth-day Stories, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Tales for Boys, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Tales for Girls, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Musical History, Biography, and Criticism, by G. Hogarth, fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—Principles and Practice of Arithmetic, by T. Hind, M.A. 2d. edition, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—Imagery and Poetical Ornaments of the Book of Psalms, by the Rev. G. H. Stoddart, M.A. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Wilson's Tales of the Borders, Vol. I. 4to. 8s. cloth.—Benjamin Beddome's Sermons and Memoir, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—My Aunt Pontypool, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. 6d.—Oceanic Sketches, by Thomas Nightingale, Esq., with a Botanical Appendix, by Dr. Hooker, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—The Life and Times of Alexander Henderson, during the Reign of Charles I., by the Rev. John Aiton, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Fables and Tales, suggested by the Frescos of Pompeii and Herculaneum, by W. B. Le Gros, 4to. 11s. 6d. cloth.—Gambier on Parochial Settlements, 2d edition, by Greenwood, 12mo. 8s. 6d.—Millennial Harbinger and Voluntary Church Advocates, by W. Jones, Vol. I. 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Israel; or, an Illustration of the Exodus from Egypt, by Chariot, 12mo. 3s. 6d. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 5	From 34 to 42	29.93 to 29.97
Friday... 6	34 to 38	29.94 to 29.99
Saturday... 7	35 to 47	29.97 to 29.91
Sunday... 8	37 to 48	29.95 to 29.94
Monday... 9	36 to 41	30.00 to 30.14
Tuesday... 10	32 to 40	30.22 to 30.30
Wednesday 11	30 to 44	30.31 to 30.24

Prevailing winds, N.E. and N.W.

Except the 8th, generally cloudy; rain on the evening of the 7th, and morning of the 9th, also a few drops on the morning of the 11th.

Rain fallen, .325 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude... 51° 37' 37" N.

Longitude... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

The depth of rain fallen at Highgate during the month of October, was 5.065 inches.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Though your Correspondent of your last *Literary Gazette* will not allow Moses—even 200 years before Memnon the Egyptian—to be the inventor of letters, i. e. writing; yet many passages in the five books of Moses might warrant a belief in even a much earlier invention of this so useful, so delightful practice. If we take, for example, Numbers xxxiii. and Deut. xxxi. 9, 11, 24; whilst we yet, in Deut. xvii. and Joshua viii. 32—34, find still stronger proofs that writing was practised, not only by Moses, but also by Joshua, the Elders, and Levites; nay that, moreover, the people could read the Law, and surely these inscriptions were for the very purpose made. Now, that so many could already read proves, indeed, that writing was then a well-known invention: may we not say, perhaps a legacy of our antediluvian forefathers? This idea will certainly very extravagantly appear, as it seems we are greatly inclined to regard these antediluvians by no means in that light to which their seniority, their long lives, and, even later, their intercourse with angels, entitles them. Let us only look at the fifth chapter of Genesis, and then say whether such an account was likely to be kept, during more than 1600 years, by memory alone. These are strange suggestions, and, though none will find them conclusive, yet it is hoped, sir, you will kindly excuse these eccentric conjectures of one of your constant readers.

The subject alluded to by X. X. is so very copious that we could hardly hope to do it justice in our columns. Still, we have frequently devoted our attention to it under the several forms it assumes; and shall be much obliged to our correspondent if he enables us to judge of his kind offer by any further communication.

H. T. is declined.

Publishers who send us impressions of plates, before the letters, are particularly requested to write, in pencil, the names of the subjects, and the names of the painter and engraver.

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